

The Listener

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'Time': a carving in limewood, c. 1765-70 (see Alan Pryce-Jones on 'The Rococo Spirit', page 506)

Bayerisches Nationalmuseum, Munich

Soviet Dilemma in the Middle East

By Walter Laqueur

Bertrand Russell Reflects

(from B.B.C. Television)

Television in the U.S.A.

By Gerald Priestland

India Emerges as a Great Nation

By Aidan Crawley

Prepare to Meet Thy Doom

By Ernest Gellner

The Umbrella

A poem by William Plomer

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The Listener

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The Soviet Dilemma in the Middle East

By WALTER LAQUEUR

Last Monday an agreement was signed at the Kremlin by which the Soviet Union is to give economic and technical assistance to Iraq. Mr. Khrushchev expressed himself as 'pained' by President Nasser's remarks about communism in a speech in Damascus.

RECENT events in the Middle East have confronted Soviet foreign policy-makers with new perspectives: new hopes and challenges but also sources of conflict that did not exist hitherto. Soviet objectives in the Middle East in recent years could easily be defined: there was the minimum objective of neutralizing the whole area, or, at any rate, the main countries in it, of preventing them from joining any Western-sponsored defence pacts. This immediate aim apart, there was the long-range objective, namely the emergence of 'popular democracies' and eventually of communist regimes in the Middle East. Once the Middle East had become a 'zone of peace'—to apply for a moment the Soviet vocabulary—it could subsequently become a 'zone of socialism'. And the way they interpreted 'socialism' was not at all identical with the views held, for instance, by President Nasser or the Ba'ith Socialist Party of Syria.

Until about six or eight months ago such considerations were thought to be of academic interest only. For communism in the Arab world was as yet relatively weak and did not constitute a serious threat to Arab nationalism—such as propagated by President Nasser. Following the overthrow of the monarchy in Iraq and the Nuri es-Said Government, however, there was a radical change in the situation in the Middle East. A strong communist movement appeared in Baghdad after the revolution and opposed the merger of Iraq and Egypt on President Nasser's terms. The latent conflict between communism and Nasserism suddenly became a reality, an immediate political problem. The

editor of one of the most influential weeklies in the Arab world, *Rose el Yussef*, wrote in the first week of 1959 that he was confident that the Soviet Union would not 'for the sake of the Arab communists sacrifice the trust and respect it had won from the Arabs as a whole'. 'The road to Moscow', he said, 'does not lead through the Syrian and Iraqi Communist Parties'. He was correct in noticing this dilemma. Whether, however, the Soviet leaders would act, or react, the way he forecast was less certain.

It could be argued that the conflict that has now come into the open does not affect at all the Soviet Union as a state, that it is a domestic affair concerning the Arab states and nobody else. But no particular political acumen was needed, even before the recent Communist Party Congress in Moscow, to realize that sooner or later this conflict would also affect relations between the Soviet Union and the Arab countries. At this twenty-first Communist Party Congress in Moscow some of the speakers, including Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Mukhitdinov, made it perfectly clear that they had no intention of staying neutral in this conflict. They favoured the policy of the Iraqi Government and denounced what they called the persecution of progressive elements in the United Arab Republic. While General Kassem was hailed as a great national hero and leader in the speech by the Iraqi delegate, there were hardly veiled threats and insinuations against the leaders of the United Arab Republic who (it was alleged) had been influenced in their decision to come out against communism by Wall Street, the City of London, and the Yugoslav revisionists. These mutual recriminations—for the Egyptian press and radio have not been slow to answer in kind—have continued since then and gradually become more outspoken and emphatic.

This, then, is the immediate dilemma facing the Soviet Union

in the Middle East: should it pursue a 'tough', intransigent line which would involve supporting communism in Iraq and elsewhere and bringing direct pressure on countries such as Iran? Such a policy would antagonize the non-communist forces in the Arab world and cause a deterioration, to say the least, in Soviet relations with the United Arab Republic. Or would it be possible somehow to evade this dilemma by a more discreet approach and some political tight-rope-walking: trying not to offend President Nasser while giving continued support to the communist forces in the Arab world?

Co-operating with the 'Awakening East'

The sources of the present Soviet dilemma in the Middle East have to be traced back several years. When we look at them we shall find that it is not even a specific Middle Eastern dilemma, but one that faces the Soviet Union in its policy towards all the national movements and governments in Asia and Africa. In the last days of Stalin's rule, Moscow was hostile to the so-called 'national bourgeoisie', the leaders of the national movements of the East. A gradual change began in 1953, culminating in 1955 in the 'spirit of Bandung', the Khrushchev-Bulganin trip to India and the Soviet *rapprochement* with President Nasser. The Russians were now willing on the whole to co-operate closely with the 'awakening East' regardless of the class character of the leaders of these movements. For the 'national bourgeoisie' and its representatives, such as Mr. Nehru, President Soekarno, and President Nasser—so the ideological argument ran—still fulfilled a progressive function in contrast to the Western bourgeoisie, which was beyond redemption.

This political approach has been pursued actively for four years now and has reaped an abundant harvest. Soviet economic, political, and cultural ties with non-committed countries have been strengthened. Soviet and communist prestige has increased; and important political support has been given by Asian countries to various initiatives of Soviet foreign policy. Yet from the very beginning it was obvious to Moscow that a policy of befriending non-communist movements and governments in the East had distinct limitations. It could help to neutralize such nations as India, Indonesia, and Egypt, but it could not swing these countries into the Soviet bloc.

It would be premature to say that all the possibilities of the Bandung spirit and the various Afro-Asian solidarity committees have already been exhausted. But there are many indications that the Soviet advance in the East has slowed down. From Laos to Ghana, Asian and African statesmen have recently begun to attack the communists and to take administrative measures against them. Mr. Nehru himself was attacked—albeit in a polite way by Soviet standards—in a long article in the new *Cominform* monthly, and President Nasser has turned against the communists. As the editor of a leading Cairo daily put it succinctly, but somewhat naively: 'The communists did good service in the struggle against imperialism; but now the struggle is over, or almost over, and they should shut up'. Needless to mention, the communists have not the slightest intention of 'shutting up'.

Arab Unity and Communism

Nobody in Moscow had ever assumed that a communist India, Indonesia, or United Arab Republic would ever be built under the leadership of Mr. Nehru, President Soekarno, or President Nasser. Even in the hey-day of Soviet-Arab friendship an authoritative Soviet spokesman, Konstantin Ivanov, wrote that 'As Marxists we do not want to make a fetish of Arab unity. We do not want to close our eyes to the fact that it may be exploited temporarily to impede the progressive development of the Arab peoples'—in other words, their progress towards communism. The Soviet leaders never assumed that the alliance with Asian and African nationalism would last for ever. On the day that local communists became strong enough to take over from the nationalists they would reach the parting of the ways.

This was to be the ideal theoretical solution, so to speak, from the communist point of view. But in practice the nationalist-communist alliance tends to fall apart much earlier. Some Asian and African statesmen may as yet lack wide experience in international affairs but they have a sound sense of political self-

preservation: sooner or later they perceive the growth of a menace to their rule. In this context Iraq is a fortunate exception from the communist point of view. She presents a lucky combination of an explosive social and political situation, a strong Communist Party which—unlike its rivals—emerged almost intact from underground, and a considerable measure of official benevolence towards communism. Even so a communist victory in Iraq would be a mixed blessing from the Soviet standpoint, for it would almost automatically provoke an anti-communist reaction elsewhere in the Arab world. In effect, it would make communist progress more difficult. It is possible, therefore, that the Iraqi communist leaders will be advised by Moscow to take a back seat, to be content with wielding much effective power behind the scenes, to consolidate rather than ostentatiously demonstrate whatever hold they have.

There is precedent for these tactics. In Bulgaria the communists shared power for several years after 1944 with *Zveno*, a group of officers who stayed in the limelight and helped to maintain the fiction of a 'national front'. From Moscow's standpoint this prescription may be indicated in Iraq as well. Nevertheless, one may doubt whether it would work for any appreciable length of time. For the communists in a country such as Iraq have to be the most dynamic of parties. Either they make constant progress, or they lose followers. Their leaders can perhaps be restrained, but discipline is not the chief characteristic of the rank and file, who for the most part joined the party only recently. The Soviet leaders may learn to their detriment that events in the Middle East have a momentum of their own.

Egypt's Significance to Moscow

Relations with Egypt also pose problems for Moscow. To break with President Nasser now would be inopportune. Though the communist movement in Syria is of considerable importance, the party has little influence as yet in Cairo—which matters much more. Egypt's economic dependence on communist-bloc trade and grants is unlikely to diminish in the near future. But one should not exaggerate the political importance of such economic dependence: it did not prevent Marshal Tito from bolting in 1948. More important perhaps is the general political and psychological climate in the United Arab Republic; after years of attacks against 'Western imperialism' it may prove difficult to make positive neutrality—hitherto a forensic façade—a political reality. Thus President Nasser and his colleagues will continue to act for the time being as if communism and the Soviet Union had nothing to do with each other, and Moscow will—up to a point—behave as if that assumption is correct. But the real problem is somewhat different: having realized that communism has become a formidable danger to their own rule, how can the leaders of the United Arab Republic combat it without losing Soviet support? For its part, Moscow faces a similar dilemma. How to work for the overthrow of the representatives of the 'national bourgeoisie', such as President Nasser, in three or five years without antagonizing him now?

The situation has been further complicated as the result of the recent Soviet charges against Persia. Recently negotiations on the conclusion of a treaty of friendship and non-aggression were in progress between representatives of the two countries. These talks broke down when the Soviet Union failed to obtain an undertaking from Teheran that the Persian leaders would refrain from entering defence pacts and arrangements with other Powers as deemed necessary by them. Following this breakdown the Shah has been threatened with a fate similar to that of the late King Feisal of Iraq, and other dire threats have been uttered in semi-official communiqués from Moscow. It may be too early to interpret these Soviet actions as a sign of a new, tougher, and more militant line in the Middle East. But long-range indications are that a hardening of the Soviet line will indeed take place. The conflict between communism and Nasserism is a real one; it is highly unlikely that a lasting reconciliation will take place, though the hatchet may be buried temporarily between the two camps. Soviet policy-makers and diplomats will not be able to refrain from taking sides in this conflict, even if they want to. Gradually, the Soviet Union is coming to pay the price for its involvement in the Middle East.—*European Service*

India Emerges as a Great Nation

By AIDAN CRAWLEY



'An agricultural country, subject to terrible droughts': parched field in Madras State

Douglas Dickens

THERE were not many Englishmen in 1945 who would have said that in ten years' time an independent India would be the greatest advertisement the British Empire has ever had. At the end of the war feelings in Britain were running too high. Those who, like Sir Winston Churchill, felt we should stay in India, saw only chaos and confusion as the result of our handing over power. Those who, like Lord Attlee, felt that we must go, feared that hatred for us among the Indians might destroy what we had done.

We had done a great deal in India. In the 300 years of our connexion we had welded into a single country what had been a patchwork of warring states; we had given it roads and railways, irrigation and industry; we had given it an administration which was unrivalled in our history for its integrity and efficiency; and had given it a language—English—in which, at last, educated Indians of all races could communicate with each other. To do all this we had consistently sent to India the best men we possessed and trained the best that India could produce. But we had done all this through the use of absolute imperial power. Would the change to independence transform the whole character of Indian life? Would the Indians reject the basis of British political thinking?

I first knew India during 1934, but returned

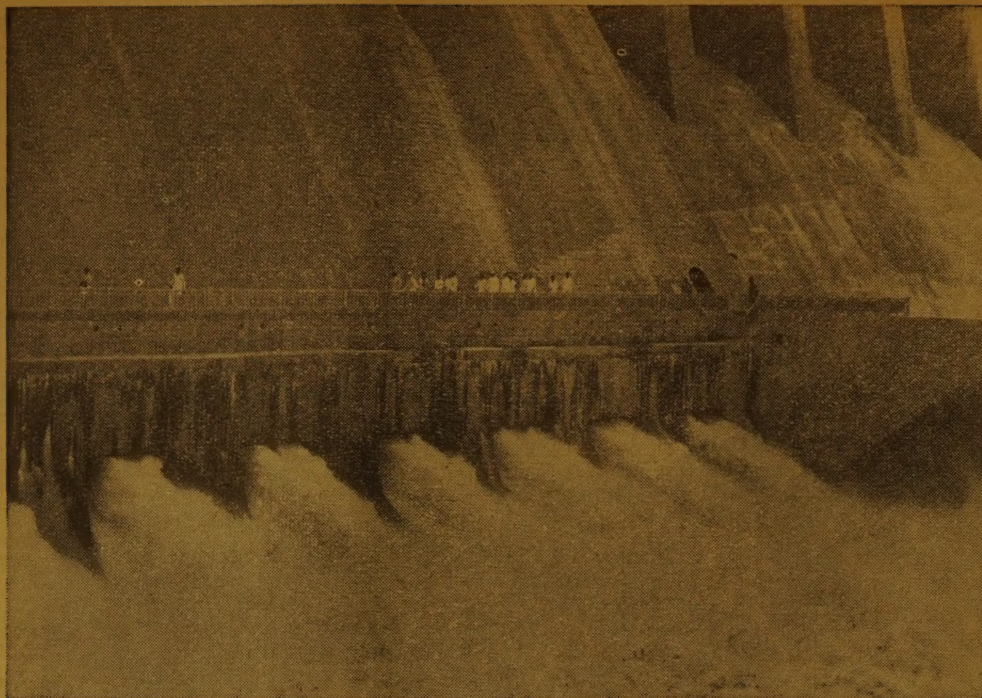
there again in 1953, six years after independence had been granted, and then again this last year. I can only say that as an Englishman I have felt more proud on each visit, both at the legacy we left behind us and the use that has been made of it. The changes have been colossal. The Princely States, with a centuries-old tradition of absolute rule, have disappeared. Palaces which used to contain a thousand servants for the upkeep of one family are now open to the public as museums or hotels. New states based on differences of race and language have been created. The Civil Service has had to be doubled and the places filled with young men the Indians themselves have trained. Yet the country

functions. Trains run at least as much on time as in most parts of Europe; letters and telegrams are promptly delivered; trunk calls are put through on the telephone from one end of the sub-continent to the other with as little fuss as in the United States, and, as a visitor, you can travel by car from one end of this vast country to the other and stay as long as you like in almost any part of it with complete security.

As you travel you are constantly impressed with how much that is purely British the Indians have deliberately chosen to keep. In the Government Houses (inhabited by Indian Governors now) all the old pictures of British Kings and Queens still adorn the walls. In the cities the statues of British



Diverting water for irrigation on the Gajeng river, Assam—part of a village community project



Sluice gates of the Bhavanisagar dam in Madras State

and Indian heroes still stand side by side. In the Police and Law Courts British custom is followed and British law dispensed. In Parliament, whether Provincial or Federal, the procedure is British, and in the government offices the civil servants not only drink tea while they work, tie their files with the same red tape which has made their profession both famous and infamous throughout the English-speaking world, but discuss their elected political masters with the same cynical detachment that you find in Whitehall.

Running through all these phases of Indian life, linking them as on a powerful sound wave, is the English language. I have a golden rule in any Indian city: if I want to know the way I stop and ask someone wearing spectacles. It is astonishing how often it works and one receives an answer in English. English is the only language in which educated Indians of all the twenty-three different Indian races can talk freely with each other, and although it was retained after independence on a purely temporary basis, it now looks as if it will remain for always the chief common language of the world's second most highly populated country. Far from being resentful of such a necessity the Indians welcome it and make prodigious use of it. There is not only the most complete freedom of speech everywhere in India—there must be more political argument even than in France—but a higher standard of English speaking than in many parts of Britain itself.

I admit that all this evidence of British influence, although moving and impressive to an Englishman, does not mean that India is succeeding as an independent power. Are the Indians really raising their standard of living, or will they have to adopt more ruthless methods if they are not to be left behind by China in the race to modernize and industrialize their country? I do not think anyone can give a definite answer to that question yet. Like China, India has a population problem, having to feed about 5,000,000 extra mouths a year. Like China, India is mainly an agricultural country, subject to terrible droughts and equally terrible floods. Like China, India cannot save enough money herself to finance the great projects which are needed to lift her peoples from near

starvation, and is receiving foreign help. However, unlike China, India is open for all to visit whether they come from East or West.

What one can say, therefore, is that Indians are steadily persevering in their plans. Their basic scheme for teaching the people how to farm better is spreading from village to village, pioneered by a staff of trained, skilled workers who are increasing in numbers every year. Their large irrigation schemes, and the steel work they have commissioned by British, German, and Russian firms, are nearing completion. There is much more food in the country than there was ten years ago and much more industry; but there is still not enough of either. Indians spend far more on their army than they wish to spend, partly because there are still a few wild mountainous districts to be controlled, and partly because of their failure to settle the Kashmir dispute with Pakistan. But even this expenditure is not more than a tiny fraction of the Chinese military budget, and would be reduced tomorrow if the problem of Kashmir were out of the way.

Naturally, there are huge problems still to be solved. There is hunger and under-employment among tens of millions of people, there is corruption and nepotism. There is evasion of taxes, political jobbery, and the harsh discriminations of untouchability. Because of this last, there are millions of Indians who will not touch other millions of their compatriots because they believe them unclean. But the family is still the foundation of life, and it is a form of unemployment insurance at least more palatable than the commune appears to have been to the Chinese. The ruling classes of India are austere in their private lives, are imposing heavy taxes on the rich, and prohibition on all and sundry. You seldom get a drink today at an official reception or even in a private house. To millions of Indians the soul is still more important than the body and a Holy Man more important than a politician. One of the best young politicians has recently left his party to do social work under the prophet Vinobe Bhawe.

Political elections are free. It is a miracle that elections can work among such a vast and illiterate population, but it is a miracle that is becoming a commonplace. Although Indians are both more interested in and better informed about China than we are, there seems less likelihood now of the Communists gaining control of the country through the ballot box than there was five years ago. There is only one small province in which the Communists have gained power, and the experience of Kerala, which has had a Communist Government for two years, has not improved the reputation of the party or made it likely that communism will succeed elsewhere. In short, the Indians are showing a genius for democracy. It is a big tribute to Britain, and of the first importance for the Western world; but it is even more important for India. For without purges, without terror, without secret police or a single party state, India is emerging as a great nation.—*European Service*



Vinobe Bhawe preaching

Mr. Crawley recently returned from a tour of the Commonwealth to make B.B.C. television programmes. A further talk outlining conclusions he reached during this tour will appear in THE LISTENER.

Below the Glazed Surface

GERALD PRIESTLAND* on the present state of television in the United States

AMERICANS now spend more time watching television than doing anything else except working and sleeping. From statistics of viewers, profits, and turnovers one might conclude that there were few industries more contented. But the fact is that, below the glazed surface, few people in the business are happy about any aspect of it. One might have expected from this a changing pattern of television. It is common knowledge that the big-money 'quiz-shows' are off the air after some of them were accused of fraud. But their replacements have only exaggerated the remaining pattern. In almost every case we were given another 'Western' or a crime series.

'Peak' Programmes

Let me take the two main networks in Washington and examine the peak viewing-hours from 7.0 p.m. to shut-down. Each has about forty-five hours of viewing a week. Over one recent week each had between eight and ten hours of crime and 'Westerns' combined, what one could fairly call the 'violent' shows: thirty-one of them in all. This was actually no more than the total time devoted to comedy and Variety, though it seemed more. Perhaps the most striking feature was this: in a week which happened to include the 150th anniversary of the birth of President Lincoln there was only a single half-hour programme of what might be described as of a serious, cultural, or documentary nature during peak hours. That was a film about Lincoln—and, incidentally, the same film was shown on British television.

There were, of course, the news programmes, though considerably fewer than in Britain, and interrupted by commercials. Nearly all the other serious programmes are confined to what Mr. Edward R. Murrow calls 'the cultural ghetto of Sunday afternoons'. Even their number has been diminishing. For example, Mr. Murrow's own 'See it Now' has gone to the wall; and Mr. Alistair Cooke's programme, 'Omnibus', survives only in a truncated form.

I think it is true to say that over the past five years there has been a steady trend away from real life and towards the mere telling of stories. Not only is there more fiction and less fact, there is more film and less 'live' television. Today, more than 50 per cent. of the programmes on the main networks are on film. A filmed programme can go on making money years after its first showing. This has meant an important shift of power away from the original creative minds of television in New York to the men of Hollywood. These men seized their opportunity when the big studios refused to have anything to do with television. Companies were organized for the mass production of half-hour 'packaged' programmes on film, and today it is these that set the general tone.

Concern for Quality

So much for the superficial trend. What about the decline in quality? Distinguished performers like Mr. Murrow and Mr. Cooke, able producers like Mr. David Susskind, critics like Mr. Gould of *The New York Times*, and network executives like Mr. Pat Weaver—formerly president of N.B.C.—are desperately concerned about what is happening. Mr. Murrow has now retired into the wilderness for a year. He recently delivered a stinging attack on television for what he called its 'allergy to disturbing information'; for 'merely distracting and deluding the public'; for 'ignoring the fact that the nation is in mortal danger'; and for neglecting the 'vital service of news'.

These critics agree that television in America still has its superb moments, though they are getting fewer; and that there is still talent in the networks, though it is rotting with frustration. Some talent is deserting and little fresh is coming in. They also

agree that the chief villain is the sponsor. Here Mr. Cooke praises the British parliament for confining the advertiser to his proper position as a man who simply buys space. The trouble, according to these critics, is the obsession of the sponsor with audience-rating figures. Before spending \$100,000 a week on a programme, he now insists on an audience of at least 25,000,000. To get this, he attempts what Mr. David Susskind calls 'the idiotic feat of trying to please everyone in a country of 180,000,000'. And if, as so often happens nowadays, the sponsorship is divided between two advertisers, the tendency is to play safer still.

But ratings usually give the sponsor no idea of how attentively the audience is watching, nor how much they liked the show. As a result, it is as if one concluded that every show put on at the London Palladium must be good because it is a big theatre, while everything at the Royal Court must be bad. This, say the critics, is an insult to the American public. I myself can vouch for the fact that America is full of free, well-informed controversy, yet there is almost none on television because it might offend someone. America is also full of thriving cultural activity and scholarship, yet there is none on television because it might bore someone.

Unhappy Sponsors

It may be said in defence of the big networks, that they are well aware of this paradox. Yet they are in difficulties. Their existence is threatened both by government regulation and by the ease with which independent stations can operate on 'package' film. Their costs climb steadily, yet the emergence of the American Broadcasting Company as the third big network, flourishing on a heavy schedule of crime and Westerns, is threatening to reduce advertising revenues in a rate-cutting war. Nor are the sponsors entirely happy. The audience for television in America is now about as big as it can ever become. Further spending on commercials produces diminishing returns. It has even been discovered that only 15 per cent. of viewers can remember which cowboy is advertising which cigarette. This, perhaps, is one of the signposts to salvation. If the sponsors insisted on their shows being really different, instead of competing in sameness, they might make their products more memorable and at the same time get some of the old daring back on the screen.

What other hope is there? That people will start switching off? The majority do not seem to be. Colour television has not lived up to its expectations. Some executives think that videotape recordings will help them to beat the film menace, but others doubt it. A few heretics put their faith in 'pay-television', one of the systems under which the viewer gets only what he chooses to pay for. A good many people think it is inevitable as a supplement to the sponsored channels, but it has some formidable hurdles to clear. What no one seriously challenges—or perhaps could, in the very nature of this country—is the existence, the justification, of sponsorship itself. Even Mr. Murrow, in all his wrath, describes it as 'the best and freest system yet devised'.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

Among recent books that have been published on the Americas are *Go West, Young Man*, by Bryan Magee (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 21s.), the experiences of a Fellow at Yale; *Traveller in the Wilderness*, by Cid Ricketts Sumner (Macdonald, 16s.), the adventures of a lady of sixty-four on a raft moving towards the Grand Canyon; *We Dared the Andes*, by Gustaf Bolinder (Abelard-Schuman, 21s.), an exciting journey by two young Swedes in the Sierra de Perija in South America; and *Jim Crow Guide to the U.S.A.* (Lawrence and Wishart, 18s.), by Stetson Kennedy, which deals with racial relations and social discrimination since the so-called 'Reconstruction' after the American Civil War.

* Mr. Priestland is on the staff of the B.B.C. in Washington

The Listener

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Is Progress Possible?

At various times in history, the chances of good prevailing in this world have seemed to the thinkers of the day to be slight indeed. In the West hope was all but extinguished during the fourth and fifth centuries A.D., in the face of the barbarian invasions. During the tenth century, speculation was rife about the millennium. The world was wicked and would be brought to an end by God in the year 1000. When that year came and nothing happened, prophets of gloom turned to suggesting that it would coincide with the anniversary of the death of Christ, thought then to be about 1030. Even Papal thought was influenced and as late as 1230 Gregory IX started a Bull with the words: 'Since the evening of the world is now declining . . .'. In spite of the material progress of civilization in later centuries, each war or time of inexplicable persecution and suffering has brought forth a new generation of writers who have cried out with disbelief in man's purpose in this world. In a talk which we print today Dr. Gellner examines those conceptions of how the world might develop in the future which have been put forward by Aldous Huxley and George Orwell. Dr. Gellner suggests that 'by juxtaposing the nightmarish anti-utopias' of these two writers 'progress is impossible'.

Dr. Gellner's chain of reasoning is stimulating and carefully worked out and no doubt to some extent ironical. But Christian philosophers may have some of the same difficulty in accepting it as they have already had with the cynical prognostications about the future as outlined by Huxley and Orwell. For, since St. Augustine pointed the way, Christians have been used to a tradition of continuing belief in God's purpose and man's purpose, even if the world might seem to be on the point of collapse. But many non-Christians would also be likely to join in condemning any thesis that progress was an impossibility by advancing the kind of view that John Locke put forward in his *Essay concerning Human Understanding*. 'What can be more sillily arrogant', wrote Locke, 'than for Man to think that those things, which with the utmost stretch of his Reason he can scarce comprehend, should be moved and managed without any Reason at all'.

In his appendix to *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Orwell explained the principles of *Newspeak*, the official language of Oceania, designed to meet the ideological needs of Ingsoc. The twist which he chose to give his idea has been taken as a warning of the sinister situation in which some tendencies in our modern way of life could land us. It is seldom realized that a similar appendix explaining 'democracy' would be needed if a modern handbook to the British constitution were handed to an Athenian of Aristophanes's day, in order that he could understand how the rule of the people had, after all, been made to work. At the present time man is indeed possessed of all sorts of powers for doing good or evil. The television screen, for example, manipulated for political ends by the methods of motivational advertising, or even the unconscious advertising of which one has read, could fashion a nation of robots. Weapons both of propaganda and war in the hands of men who were wicked could indeed make liberty of the mind an impossibility. Must wickedness prevail? If not, the modern advances in scientific knowledge may surely be used by our leaders as a power for achieving a higher standard of life and equal opportunities for all.

What They Are Saying

The attempted revolt in Iraq

THE ATTEMPTED REVOLT in Iraq against the government of General Kassem has been widely commented on in broadcasts from the Middle East as well as in transmissions from western Europe and from the two leading communist countries. Moscow radio (in English, Arabic, and Turkish) hailed the failure of the plot against the Iraqi Prime Minister, blaming the Western imperialists in the following words:

Apparently the imperialists and their accomplices hoped that this rebellion would shake the foundations of the Republican régime in Iraq, split its people and weaken the country in the face of the intrigues of the foes of the Republic. The imperialists and their agents are ready to use every possibility to restore a dictatorial régime in Iraq and to restore that country into a sphere of their influence in the Near and Middle East. To attain these ends they do not disdain to use out-and-out reactionaries and traitors acting in the guise of nationalism.

Moscow radio linked the attempted revolt against the Kassem government in Iraq specifically with America, suggesting that the United States' bilateral agreements with Iran, Pakistan, and Turkey were closely connected with the plot. This is what Moscow radio said:

The rebellion was engineered in Mosul, in the north of the country bordering on Iran and Turkey. It broke out soon after the signing of the U.S. bilateral agreements with Iran and Turkey. Was not all this an attempt of the plotters and their protectors to use these agreements as a pretext for foreign interference in Iraq's internal affairs? In any event, such a coincidence is so symptomatic that it cannot but attract the most serious attention—all the more so since, according to some reports, the United States in its bilateral agreements with Iran, Pakistan, and Turkey, assumed a secret pledge to support these states in their foreign political acts.

Peking radio, quoting the *Kwangming Daily*, also rejoiced at the failure of the plot to overthrow General Kassem, saying:

From Baghdad comes the happy news that the rebellion in Mosul has been put down within a day. The Iraqi people have scored a new victory.

In the Middle East, open radio conflict broke out between Iraq and the United Arab Republic. Like the Russian broadcasting stations, Baghdad radio denounced 'imperialism' for the 'plots' in Iraq but the principal object of its anger was the United Arab Republic. It said:

The deceit and mystification conducted under the slogans of nationalism and unity cannot conceal from Arab people everywhere the truth about certain Arabs which has been revealed through the series of their plots against our Republic, hatched in close co-operation with the imperialist agents, the stooges of the deposed régime, and the traitorous feudalists. The ruling circles in the United Arab Republic have made every effort to conceal behind lucid facets their hostile intentions towards the Iraqi people and their Republic.

Meanwhile, broadcasters in the United Arab Republic were describing General Kassem and his colleagues as 'communist despots' and enemies of Arab nationalism. Damascus radio broadcast—apparently 'live'—President Nasser's speech on March 11 in which he declared that communist terrorism prevailed against Arab nationalism in Baghdad. The Syrian radio later accused General Kassem of provoking the Mosul revolt in order to justify reprisals in which villages and towns had been bombed.

The Israeli radio broadcast in Arabic a report saying that President Nasser had planned the revolt in Iraq, choosing the eve of Ramadan (the Muslim religious fast) 'to exploit the gatherings in the mosques', and selecting Mosul because of its accessibility to arms supplies from Syria. The Israeli broadcast report stated that, in case of failure of the revolt, the United Arab Republic would blame the Western Powers in order to drive General Kassem closer to the Communists and thus obtain Western support for Nasserist ambitions in Iraq. This prediction, incidentally, does not seem to have been fulfilled.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

THE GAME OF TENPINS

ANYONE WHOSE IDEA of an evening out is plain beer and skittles should go to the United States or Canada, for the indoor bowling alley is now one of the most popular institutions throughout North America. CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, the B.B.C. correspondent in Washington, talked about it in 'The Eye-Witness'.

'Husbands and wives will spend an evening together at the bowling centre just as they might go on other evenings to the neighbourhood's cinema', he said. 'Teenagers will spend their dates there in what is regarded by their elders as a healthy and sensible atmosphere. In actual fact, it is an atmosphere of bright lights and deafening noise. Everybody raises their voices to be heard over the thunder of the balls, as they roll down the lanes and explode the formation of pins at the bottom. In the background, there is likely to be the rattle and flash of pin-tables. In some cities there may also be a bar or a small restaurant.'

'The American game of tenpins, which is what is being played in these places, is an example of the American genius for evading the letter of the law. The game of ninepins was brought from Europe by the Dutch, who settled in what afterwards became New York State, and one of the legends of the wilder parts of that state is that the thunder to be heard among the mountain tops is the noise of the game being played by the ghosts of the old Dutch settlers. But early in the nineteenth century the puritanical City Fathers of New York brought in a law prohibiting the game of ninepins. The enthusiasts brooded for a while, and then brought in the extra pin: there was no law, they said, against tenpins. That is what we have today: a cheerful, moderately athletic indoor game with its own skills, which is quite different from the sedate game of bowls played on the flat or the crown greens of the United Kingdom, different even from the ninepins played with discs or cheeses at some English inns.'

'The tenpins are bottle-shaped objects, fifteen inches high, set up in formation at the bottom end of a sloping alley, about eighty feet long. The width of the alley is about forty-two inches, but part of that space is taken up on each side by a nine-inch gutter below the bowling surface, which traps the badly delivered ball. The balls themselves are heavy globes made of composition, and up to sixteen pounds in weight; they have holes for the thumb and two fingers so that the player can impart the necessary spin. The rest of the rules are complicated, but really not difficult, thanks to the ingenuity of modern automatic scoring systems. The latest development is an automatic pin-boy. In the old days, somebody had to stand at the bottom of the alley to set up the pins and place the balls in a sloping channel to return them to the player's end. But now automation has come in, and an ingenious electrical device will set up the pins and return the balls.'

'The last time I was in a bowling alley it was at Cape Canaveral in Florida. Outside, in the warm, muggy night, the floodlights were gleaming several miles away on portentous missiles waiting on the beach to be fired off into the upper atmosphere.'

But the people on Cape Canaveral were not much interested. They had crowded into the cheerful Saturday-night atmosphere of their air-conditioned "Bowlorama" and there they watched the youngsters delivering the heavy balls with tireless enthusiasm'.

HORSEMEN'S SECRETS

'In Suffolk, most farm horsemen used to have their secrets, whether they belonged to a horsemen's society or not', said EWART EVANS in 'Through East Anglian Eyes'. 'These were secret

remedies, receipts or recipes for keeping the horses in their charge in perfect condition. Half a century ago, there was always much rivalry among them; and it was not enough just to keep a horse well: he had to look well; he had to stand well in his tumbril, and work well on the plough. Many men grew herbs in their garden, specially for their horses. They also gathered wild herbs in the field—bryony root, tansy, celandine, elecampane, fennel, rue—and dried them ready for use. I know one man who had searched in two or three counties for a kind of tree whose leaves had once been beneficial to his horses.

'The horsemen also obtained many of their

powders from the chemists—especially in more recent years. A Suffolk chemist has described to me how these horsemen used to enter his shop. They came in more like conspirators than customers. Perhaps the recipe was written down on a tattered piece of paper in an unpractised hand; but the chemist usually managed to decipher it. The paper was prized like gold, and carefully stowed away in pouch or tobacco box. Yet some would not trust their secrets to be written down on paper. They whispered them over the counter after they had made sure there was no other customer in the shop.

'One old horseman was not satisfied that this precaution was enough. He therefore arranged with the chemist to use a code-word whenever he wanted to buy a certain chemical. So if a rival happened to overhear him asking for "dragon's blood" he would be completely misled by the colourful phrase into getting something harmless and useless for his purpose. But an occasional horseman did not trust even the chemist. To make sure no one got to know his secret recipe he bought only one of the ingredients at his usual shop, visiting other chemists to buy the remainder. He then took the powders and mixed them up in the quiet of his own home, like an old alchemist, confident he had in his keeping the only true way of reaching perfection in his craft'.

HANGING THE RIDDLE

'Do you ever wake up in the morning and think what a mess your life is?' said J. B. BOOTHROYD in 'Woman's Hour'. 'You know—how badly organized and inefficient, and thoroughly unlike other people's? I woke up in one of these self-reproachful moods the other day. Well, I didn't actually wake up in it, but it came on about ten seconds later, because of my alarm-clock. You may



An American bowling alley

have noticed, with alarm-clocks, that although you can see the time perfectly as they sit there on the bedside table, you can never quite believe it, so you have to pick up the clock and look at it from about three inches away. And I did this as usual, and—as usual—the legs of the clock were tangled up in a sort of crochet-work mat that it stands on, so of course I picked up the mat too, and there was a fearful crash, and the room was full of bouncing cough-mixture bottles and glasses of water. And as I was picking them up and mopping round with a corner of the bedspread, I thought, you know, this is always happening, and it's a rotten start to the day—why on earth don't you do something about it. As a matter of fact, I mentioned it to my wife, and she had the answer in a flash. She said: "Well, why don't we get an alarm-clock that hasn't any legs?" So I'm going to try to remember to do that.

'But for some reason the business with the clock made me system-minded that morning. And while I was shaving I thought of all the things in the house that could be done to iron the wrinkles out of life. Actually, they're all the same things that we said we'd do when we moved in six years ago. But what I did think I might do, while I had this organizing mood on me, was rearrange our riddling system. I don't know what

your system is with sieving ashes. I do ours against the wall of the shed—miles down the garden, in the part we try to keep visitors out of; and we have two of those all-night fires, and that means staggering out with two great trays of red-hot cinders on those wobbly handles you always get, and the maddening thing is that under the present system the actual riddle is kept in the shed, and the shed door's fastened with a rusty skewer—which is pretty tricky to get out when you've got two cans of hot ash and leather gardening gloves with no fingers. And it occurred to me, when I got down there, that if the riddle could hang on a nail or something, outside the shed—you know, under the eaves or somewhere, where it wouldn't get wet and go rotten in a fortnight—the whole thing would be solved, because you could just knock it off on to the ash-heap, and get riddling.

'This is an asbestos shed, by the way. It's very small; pre-fabricated. Only cost about £30, I think—and another £9 for the builder's men who had to come and post-fabricate it—and as a matter of fact a rather funny thing happened the very day after we'd had it put up. It was in the summer, and I was poking about in the coal-hole trying to find a bit of coal, and I came across the most enormous lump of solid, black, uncombustible slate you've ever seen. We'd been having trouble with the coal for some time, and this made me so furious that I charged out of the back door and put it, like a weight. And instead of a dull plonk, the sort of noise you expect when a lump of slate lands in a lot of old rotten vegetables, there was a terrible bang, and I went to look, and it had gone clean through the wall of the shed, low down, near the ground; it was very interesting, really, because it had left a hole the exact shape of the

slate, flat-on. So next day the builder's men came back and put an asbestos patch on: 36s. 9d. Well, I'd often wondered how they did this; and I wondered more than ever when I found a nail and tried to bash it under the eaves with a trowel, because it just sprang off and went over the hedge.

'But, at this point, I had a stroke of luck. I found a bit of stick, and I tried it, and it just wedged nicely under the eaves, and it had a bit of a bend in it at the end—it might have been made for hanging riddles on. So I banged it in, and of course I ought to have left it at that. But, like a fool, I thought I'd better just test it, and I gave a downward pull on the stick—and a rather astonishing thing happened: I found I'd prised the roof loose, all down one side. And you know, honestly, for a minute I thought I was beaten. But no. Because I had a last brilliant inspiration. I got hold of the trowel and forced it down

behind a corner of the asbestos patch and removed the whole thing. And, sure enough, the old slate hole was just the size to get a riddle through. So all I've got to do is prop the riddle against a sack of peat inside the shed, prop the patch against the outside with a bucket, and next time I go down with the ashes I shall just kick the bucket aside, down falls the patch, and out rolls the riddle. Simplicity itself, really.

'Mind you, I've

got to get the builder's men to come and put the roof on again, but it'll be well worth it. The only thing is, I shall have to stand over them all the time, otherwise some idiot's bound to go and put the patch back'.

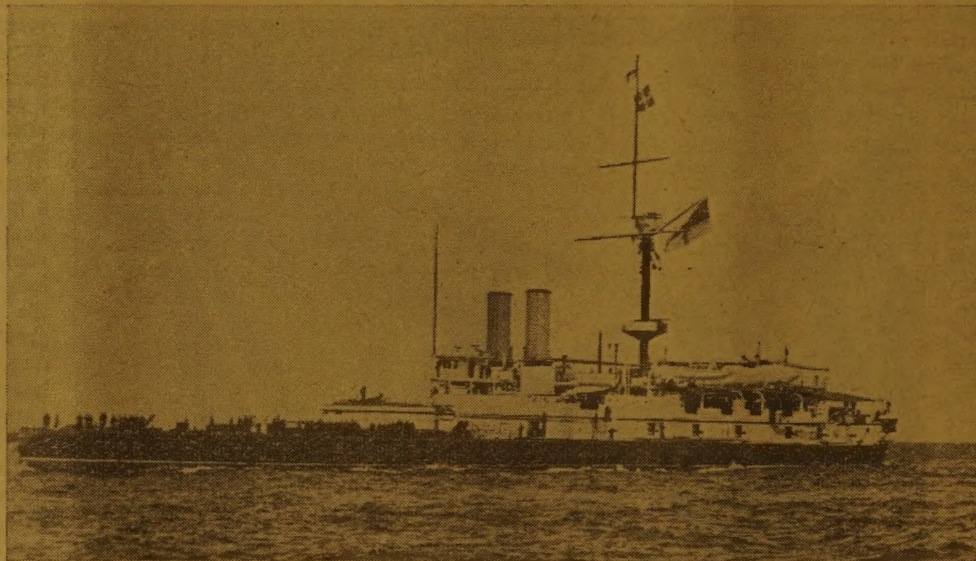
A MYSTERY OF THE SEA

'On June 22, 1893, one of the strangest occurrences in British naval history took place', said PETER LAWSON in 'Today'. 'Admiral Sir George Tryon, in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, was carrying out manoeuvres off the coast of Syria. The squadron was steaming in two columns, with the Admiral in his flagship the "Victoria", leading one column. Suddenly Sir George signalled for the two columns of ships to turn inward on each other. The officers were

flabbergasted—the veriest midshipman could see the danger. But an admiral's order is not questioned, and the columns began to turn. Only when it was too late did Tryon seem to realize his mistake and call for "Full speed astern".

'The squadron was thrown into confusion and the "Victoria" collided with the "Camperdown" with appalling force, cutting the flagship wide open. The water reached her boilers and she blew up with a tremendous explosion. The Admiral was lost with his ship, and he took with him 358 officers and men.

'Nobody has ever put forward a theory to account for such a mistake by an experienced and level-headed sailor, but there is a strange sequel to this story. On that same day, June 22, Lady Tryon was holding a reception at her London house, and a large number of guests saw Admiral Tryon enter the room, walk across it, and leave by another door, speaking to nobody. It was later established that at the time he was seen in the room he was in fact at the bottom of the sea off Tripoli'.



H.M.S. 'Victoria', the flagship of Admiral Sir George Tryon (below)

National Maritime Museum





Bertrand Russell Reflects

A conversation on B.B.C. television with JOHN FREEMAN

I WROTE IN 1937 [said Bertrand Russell] a prophecy of what I thought *The Times* would say about me when I died. The obituary said:

'By the death of the third Earl Russell, or Bertrand Russell as he preferred to call himself, at the age of ninety, a link with a very distant past is severed. His grandfather, Lord John Russell, the Victorian Prime Minister, visited Napoleon in Elba; his maternal grandmother was a friend of the Young Pretender's widow. In his youth he did work of importance in mathematical logic, but his eccentric attitude during the first world war revealed a lack of balanced judgment which increasingly infected his later writings.

'In the second world war he took no public part, having escaped to a neutral country just before its outbreak. In private conversation he was wont to say that homicidal lunatics were well employed in killing each other, but that sensible men would keep out of their way while they were doing it. Fortunately this outlook, which is reminiscent of Bentham, has become rare in this age, which recognizes that heroism has a value independent of its utility.

'True, much of what was once the civilized world lies in ruins, but no right thinking person can admit that those who died for the right in the great struggle have died in vain.

'His life, for all its waywardness, had a certain anachronistic consistency, reminiscent of that of the aristocratic rebels of the early nineteenth century. His principles were curious, but such as they were they governed his actions. In private life he showed none of the acerbity which marred his writings, but was a genial conversationalist, not devoid of human sympathy. He had many friends but had survived almost all of them. Nevertheless to those who remained he appeared in extreme old age full of enjoyment, no doubt owing in large measure to his invariable health, for politically during his last years he was as isolated as Milton after the Restoration. He was the last survivor of a dead epoch'.

I observe that the date I attributed to my death is 1962, which is coming ominously near, and begins to cause me some alarm.

Freeman: Well, before you feel too much alarmed, let us examine this obituary which was written in jest and see how true it really is. To start with, let's go back to the distant past. What is your very earliest memory, Lord Russell?

Russell: I suppose my very earliest memory is tumbling out of a pony carriage when I was two years old, and my earliest at all vivid memories are of arriving at the house of my grandparents, Pembroke Lodge, in Richmond Park, after the death of my father, who died when I was three.

Freeman: How did you come to be in the care of your grandparents? Your mother had also died?

Russell: Yes, she also. She died when I was two.

Freeman: Do you have any memory of your parents?

Russell: Very little. I remember nothing of my mother. I remember my father once giving me a leaflet printed in red letters, and the red letters pleased me.

After further discussion of Lord Russell's childhood, the conversation continued:

Freeman: Were you always a sceptic from small childhood or did you believe in the conventions?

Russell: Oh, I wasn't a sceptic when I was very young, no. I was very deeply religious and lost my conventional beliefs very slowly and painfully. I remember that when I was four years old they had just been telling me the story of Little Red Riding-hood, and I dreamt that I had been eaten by a wolf, and to my great surprise I was in the wolf's stomach and not in heaven.

Freeman: This was the beginning perhaps of scepticism?

Russell: Yes.

Freeman: Tell me, did you say your prayers when you were a child?

Russell: Oh, yes.

Freeman: When did you cease doing that?

Russell: I suppose when I was about twelve or thirteen.

Freeman: Do you think now that you had a happy childhood?

Russell: More or less. It was very solitary. I had one brother who was seven years older than me and I had little to do with him. Otherwise I didn't have much to do with other children, so that it was a solitary childhood, but it was not unhappy.

Freeman: Looking back now, with all the learning that you have acquired since, would you say that some feeling of insecurity was one of the spurs to intellectual action?

Russell: I don't quite know. I think it's a possible spur. I think there are others of a different sort: pure ambition will sometimes do it.

Childish Sense of Guilt

Freeman: Now let us turn to your schooling.

I think we're better at freeing children from a sense of guilt. Were you obsessed at a tender age with a sense of guilt or sin?

Russell: Oh, yes. They asked me one day what was my favourite hymn and I chose 'Weary of earth and laden with my sin'.

Freeman: At what age was that?

Russell: Six years old. The things I felt guilty about were—oh, eating blackberries when I had been told not to; and I remember once when at family prayers my grandmother read about the prodigal son, I said to her afterwards: 'I know why you read that today: it was because I broke my jug'.

Freeman: Do you think now, looking back, that there is any really unfortunate legacy you carried out of your childhood?

Russell: Yes, I do. The family attitude, certainly on matters of sex, was morbidly puritanical.

Freeman: Now, let us turn to your schooling.

Russell: My grandmother didn't approve of public schools. She was very unconventional in her outlook, and she thought they were a sort of conventional institution.

Freeman: Would you have liked a more conventional education?

Russell: No, not at the time. I was quite satisfied, and I think looking back I'm still satisfied, because I learnt a great deal more than I should have done at any school.

Freeman: What sort of learning, at that age? Did you, for instance, study the classics?

Russell: To a certain degree. I was never fond of the classics. Mathematics was what I liked. My first lesson in mathematics I had from my brother, who started me on Euclid, and I thought it the most lovely stuff I'd ever seen in my life. I didn't know there was anything so nice in the world. But I remember that the first lesson was a disappointment because he said: 'Now, we start with axioms'. I said: 'What are they?' and he said: 'Oh, they're things you've got to admit although we can't prove them'. So I said: 'Why should I admit them if you can't prove them?' and he said: 'Well, if you won't we can't go on'. And I wanted to see how it went on, so I admitted them *pro tem*.

Freeman: How did you educate your own children?

Russell: I educated them in various ways: I tried to find modern schools but I think that there are some things in what's called progressive education that I like and some that I don't like; and I never found exactly what I should like.

Freeman: Did you send any of your own children to an ordinary public school?

Russell: Yes, my youngest son went to Eton.

Freeman: And was that successful?

Russell: Yes, quite successful.

Freeman: What was it that first provided you with the incentive to become a mathematician?

Delight in Mathematics

Russell: I liked it for a number of reasons: in the first place, the sheer pleasure which is the sort that people get from music or poetry—it just delighted me. And then, apart from that, I thought that mathematics was the key to understanding the universe, and I found all sorts of everyday things explained by means of mathematics. I remember I had a new tutor once who didn't know how much I knew, and I spun a penny, and he said: 'Do you know why that penny spins?' I said: 'Yes, because I make a couple with my fingers', and he said: 'What do you know about couples?' I said: 'Oh, I know all about couples!'

Freeman: How old were you then?

Russell: I must have been twelve or thirteen.

Freeman: Have you found on the whole in your own life that the pursuit of either mathematics or philosophy has given you some sort of substitute for religious emotion?

Russell: Yes, it certainly has. Until I was about forty, I should think, I got the sort of satisfaction that Plato says you can get out of mathematics. It was an eternal world, it was a timeless world, it was a world where there was a possibility of a certain kind of perfection, and I certainly got something analogous to religious satisfaction out of it.

Freeman: What period of your life, or rather what episode in your life, led you to turn again from philosophy, to some extent, into social work and politics?

Russell: The first war. The first war made me think 'It just won't do to live in an ivory tower. This world is too bad. We must notice it'. I thought, as a politician, and I still think, that it would have been very much better for the world if Britain had remained neutral and the Germans had won a quick victory. We should not have had either the Nazis or the Communists if that had happened, because they were both products of the first world war. The war would have been brief; there would have been nothing like so much destruction.

Freeman: Have you ever had a moral objection in principle to killing?

Russell: Oh, no. I don't like any kind of general rule like that.

Freeman: How much in fact did you actively campaign against the first world war?

Russell: As much as I could. I went all over the place, making speeches, and I did everything I could to help the conscientious objectors. I wrote about it wherever I could.

Freeman: Did you have a sort of public notoriety as an unpopular figure or were you regarded as just a crank?

Russell: I wasn't actually pelted with rotten eggs, but I had an almost worse experience. I was at a meeting of pacifists at a church and it was stormed by a mixture of colonial troops and drunken viragos. The drunken viragos came in bearing boards full of rusty nails, with which they clamped everybody on the head, and the colonial soldiers looked on and applauded them, and the police looked on and did nothing. Women had all their clothes torn off their backs and were badly mauled, and the viragos with rusty nails were just about to attack me—I didn't quite know what one did about this—when somebody went up to the police and said: 'Look, you really ought to stop these women, you know, he's a distinguished writer'. 'Oh', said the police. 'Yes, he's a well-known philosopher'. 'Oh', said the police. 'And he's the brother of an earl!' And then the police rushed and saved me.

In Prison

Freeman: Was this the time that you went to prison?

Russell: No, this was earlier.

Freeman: What exactly did you go to prison for?

Russell: For writing an article. I was convicted on the ground that this article was 'intended and likely to cause bad relations

between England and the United States', because I pointed out how United States troops were used as strike-breakers and it was thought I oughtn't to have done that.

Freeman: Were you tried by a jury or by a magistrate?

Russell: By a magistrate in London. And he said this was 'the most despicable crime'. He sentenced me to six months. Originally it was six months as an ordinary criminal, and then on appeal it was altered to six months in the First Division.

Freeman: Which meant more lenient treatment?

Russell: Oh, very much. It's a profound difference.

Freeman: Now I have heard it said that at that stage your family were able to pull strings which gave you treatment quite different even from that of normal First Division prisoners. Is that true?

Russell: I should think it's very likely. My brother knew everybody concerned, and when the Home Secretary wasn't being very obliging my brother went to see him: 'Oh, you know, he was my fag at Winchester: he'll do it'. So he did.

Freeman: Do you think, looking back, that Trinity College behaved either wisely or justly in depriving you of your Fellowship at the time of your own trial and imprisonment?

Russell: No, certainly not, especially as they did it while the case was *sub judice*. You see, all the younger Fellows had gone to the war and the government of the college was left to the old boys, and the old boys said 'We must do our bit—we can't fight, we're too old', and their bit was to get rid of me!

Cut Off from the Means of Livelihood

Freeman: Something very similar to that, of course, happened in the second world war, when your appointment at the College of the City of New York was terminated. What actually did happen?

Russell: Oh, in the second world war I was completely patriotic, I supported the war, and I was entirely orthodox in my views about that.

Freeman: Nevertheless you were thrown out of another college?

Russell: Ah, but that was for quite different reasons. That was on the ground of my views about marriage and morals.

Freeman: But your views must have been known when you were appointed to the College of the City of New York?

Russell: Oh, yes. Civilized people didn't mind them, but there was a whole rabble in New York of uneducated Irish people, and they had completely ignorant views.

Freeman: What happened to you when you lost your job in New York? Did you have another job to go to in America?

Russell: I didn't know I should have. I was completely ostracized. No newspaper would print a word I wrote, no magazine would print a word, no hall would allow me to lecture in it, so that I was cut off from all my means of livelihood, and I couldn't get any money out of England at that time because of currency regulations, and so I was expecting to starve. I had three children whom I was educating, two of them at the university and one younger, and I expected we should all suffer very badly: and we should have done but for a certain man called Dr. Barnes who came to my rescue and gave me a job.

Freeman: Is that the only time in your life that you've ever been really short of money?

Russell: Most of my life I've only had just enough, and the rest of my life I've generally had just enough with a certain security; but at that time I really did not know how I was going to carry on my children's education.

Freeman: Could I ask you, because it's of interest to the background of the academic life generally, were you left a fortune by your family, or have you earned all you've had all your life?

Russell: I was left a certain amount of money. When I came of age I had capital that brought me in about £600 a year, and then I became a socialist and I came to the conclusion that I ought not to live on inherited money, and I got rid of my capital gradually to various causes which I thought important. Since then I've lived entirely on my earnings.

Freeman: Looking back now on all the causes that you have especially championed throughout your working life, do you think your advocacy has been on the whole successful?

Russell: It depends entirely upon what things you're thinking of. My views on what you may call sexual questions have, I think, been immensely successful—I mean, the world has moved that way; and to a very great extent on education, too. And one of the things that I used to be enormously interested in was equality of women, and that of course has been completely successful. Also I was from an early time a socialist and there is a great deal of socialism in England now and I'm glad of it. So that I have had a fair measure of success; but in other things of course not at all.

Freeman: Do you think that on the whole the fanatics in the world are more useful or more dangerous than the sceptics?

Russell: Oh, much more dangerous. Fanaticism is the danger of the world, and always has been, and has done untold harm. I might almost say that I was fanatical against fanaticism.

Freeman: But then are you not fanatical also against some other things? Your current campaign, for instance, in favour of nuclear disarmament—would you encourage your supporters to undertake some of the extreme demonstrations that they do undertake, and isn't that fanaticism?

Russell: I don't think that's fanaticism, no. I mean, some of them may be fanatical, but I support them because everything sane and sensible and quiet that we do is absolutely ignored by the press, and the only way we can get into the press is to do something that looks fanatical. The worst possibility is that human life may be extinguished, and it is a very real possibility; but assuming that doesn't happen, I can't bear the thought of many hundreds of millions of people dying in agony, solely because the rulers of the world are stupid and wicked.

Freeman: Is it true or untrue that in recent years you advocated that a preventive war might be made against communism, against Soviet Russia?

Russell: It's entirely true, and I don't repent of it. It was not inconsistent with what I think now. What I thought all along was that a nuclear war in which both sides had nuclear weapons would be an utter and absolute disaster. There was a time, just after the last war, when the Americans had a monopoly of nuclear weapons and offered to internationalize nuclear weapons by the Baruch proposal, and I thought this an extremely generous proposal on their part, one which it would be very desirable that the world should accept; not that I advocated a nuclear war, but I did think that great pressure should be put upon Russia to accept the Baruch proposal, and I did think that if they continued to refuse it might be necessary actually to go to war. At that time nuclear weapons existed only on one side, and therefore the odds were the Russians would have given way. I thought they would, and I think still that that could have prevented the existence of two equal powers with these means of destruction, which is what is causing the terrible risk now.

Freeman: Suppose they hadn't given way, would you have been prepared to face the consequences? You would have used these weapons on the Russians in spite of the words you have used to me about their horror?

Russell: I should. They were not, of course, nearly as bad as these modern weapons are. They hadn't yet got the hydrogen bomb, they had only the atom bomb (and that's bad enough, but it isn't anything like the hydrogen bomb). I thought then, and hoped, that the Russians would give way, but of course you can't threaten unless you're prepared to have your bluff called.

Freeman: Do you look back to the nineteenth century on the whole with nostalgia and regret?

Russell: It all depends on what you're thinking about. The world was much more beautiful to look at than it is now. Every time I go back to a place that I knew long ago I think how sad it is. One piece of beauty after another is destroyed, and that I do profoundly regret. But when it comes to ideas, there's immensely less humbug than there was, and that I rejoice in.

Freeman: Have you written an autobiography?

Russell: I have, yes.

Freeman: Are you going to allow it to be published in your lifetime?

Russell: No, not till I'm dead. In the first place because it won't be complete until then, and in the second place because there are all sorts of things that ought not to be said too soon. It may even have to wait some time after I'm dead—I don't know.

Freeman: Do you ever now, in old age, encounter the explosions of anger that you used to meet?

Russell: Oh, yes. I had a letter from an Anglican bishop not

long ago in which he said that *all* my opinions on *everything* were inspired by sexual lust, and that the opinions I'd expressed on this subject were among the causes of the second world war.

Freeman: Could you tell me the whole story of the New York law case in your own words?

Russell: There was a woman who was intending to send her daughter to the College of the City of New York, where her daughter was not going to study mathematical logic, which was the subject I was going to teach, but nevertheless this woman professed to be afraid that I should rape her daughter or corrupt her in some way by my mere presence in other classrooms

in the same university; and on that ground she brought an action that I should be deprived of my position, and she accused me of being lewd, lecherous, lascivious, obscene, and aphrodisiac. All these charges were upheld by the judge in court and the judge said that he would therefore annul this appointment.

Freeman: Did she bring evidence to justify these charges?

Russell: Oh, yes. It was proved that I'd said that an infant under six months old, if seen touching his parts, should not be slapped. That was the chief evidence.

Freeman: One last question: suppose, Lord Russell, that this film were to be looked at by your descendants in 1,000 years' time, what would you think it worth telling that generation about the life you've lived and the lessons you've learned from it?

Russell: I should like to say two things, one intellectual and one moral. The intellectual thing I should want to say to them is this: when you are studying any matter or considering any philosophy, ask yourself only what are the facts and what is the truth that the facts bear out. Never let yourself be diverted either by what you would wish to believe or by what you think would have beneficent social effects if it were believed. But look only at what are the facts. The moral thing I should wish to say to them is very simple. I should say: love is wise, hatred is foolish. In this world, which is getting more and more closely interconnected, we have to learn to tolerate each other. We have to learn to put up with the fact that some people say things that we don't like. We can only live together in that way and if we are to live together and not die together we must learn a kind of charity and a kind of tolerance which is absolutely vital to the continuance of human life on this planet.

The second talk on 'Culture and Politics', by C. Wright Mills, will be published next week



John Freeman interviewing Bertrand Russell

The Rococo Spirit

By ALAN PRYCE-JONES

IT is more than thirty years since Sacheverell Sitwell published *Southern Baroque Art*, and suddenly opened the eyes of English travellers to a whole range of interests which up to then had been almost entirely neglected. From that time on, the eighteenth century has kept its place among us—largely through books. What is more, our growing affection for it has been literary rather than aesthetic. For, from the baroque, the next extension of taste moved on to the rococo, and from that to the Gothic, and then to the Victorians—witness the influence of Sir Kenneth Clark and John Betjeman and Osbert Lancaster. And all the time the normal response of the British to these different styles has been at heart a response to the ideas behind them. We accept Victoriana as a symbol of our highest prosperity just as we accept the baroque as an echo of classical grandeur.

The rococo, however, is harder to assimilate than any other style, because the ideas behind it are very much vaguer. Also it represents a hunger for ornament which is not in accord with our national character. It appears more foreign than any other approach to art; indeed, without going abroad we cannot even see it. Yet it expresses an attitude of mind which comes back in every generation—even if the dictionaries call it tasteless. I do not believe that any attitude so fundamental as the rococo can be confined to a single period; and it is evident from the number of books which keep on appearing about it that other people are also wondering how the human need for ornament is to be satisfied, now and in the future, in a society which has tried to turn its back on ornament.

It is not even easy to define rococo. The splendid exhibition in Munich last summer which was named 'The Age of Rococo' included works by such men as Oudry, Richard Wilson, and Goya—painters whose purpose and whose execution are as far from rococo as they could well be. For that matter, no one has ever marked the precise spot at which baroque ends and rococo begins. There is a new German edition of Fischer von Erlach's early eighteenth-century *Historical Architecture* which shows the overlap very well. The book consists of a set of engravings showing the development of building from age to age, and it includes some charming fantasies based on the art of China, Persia, and India. In fact, well before the death of Louis XIV a break with the strictly classical art of the period was being made, and a movement had already been launched which culminated in masterpieces of religious high spirits like the rococo pilgrimage churches of Bavaria and in the fanciful country palaces of the smaller German courts.

For practical purposes the rococo is a response to the human need for significant ornament. If this is so, a paradoxical fact at

once turns up: that those who felt the need most strongly in the eighteenth century were the last people of whom so delicate a taste might have been expected.

Every country-house library in Germany is likely to contain a collection of books and drawings which describe the appearance and the life of the houses themselves—often built by French architects. There is also a finely illustrated book by Pierre de

Colombier, which has just been published, on French architecture in Germany as well as an evocative book by Franz Sayn Wittgenstein called *Fürstenthäuser und Herrensitze*. From these books one might suppose that the blue and silver saloons, the parks so elegantly equipped with tea-house and pagoda, would house a population of the most conscious refinement. Far from it, however. There can seldom in history have been a greater contrast between the boorish inhabitants of a rococo setting and the setting itself. In retrospect they—the princelings who created perhaps the most exquisite of all decorative styles—are lumpish and grim indeed.

It looks, therefore, as though the need for significant ornament were primarily a social rather than an artistic phenomenon. If we take Paris as the centre of European taste during the last 300 years, we must suppose that those who lived outside the orbit of Paris were at first determined to show their ability to keep up with their pace-makers in France. From Sweden to Sicily a mirage of Versailles shimmered in the minds of a dozen societies which had nothing in common except that they were all equally remote from France. Our English squires were at least more sure of themselves. They made little

consecutive attempt to ape a Latin taste, and when they turned for inspiration to Greece and Rome they gave a marked native twist to their findings.

One and all, however, would have been astonished by the abrupt change in taste which brought the age of ornament to an end. It lasted through the nineteenth century. Some thirty years ago a highly sophisticated book by Marianne Zweig, called *The Second Age of Rococo*, depicted the embellished taste which reigned in Vienna at the middle of the last century. And then suddenly functionalism came into its own. Ornament disappeared from fashion almost in a single decade. Not Versailles but the factory and the gasworks provided the mirage held up to progressive eyes all over the world.

I suppose that the great contribution of the early eighteenth century to civilization was the concept of a rounded life in which each part matched every other part. Both the externals of daily existence and the motive forces of inner life were beautifully calculated so as to throw one another into relief. The art of significant ornament was therefore reflected throughout the world



The pulpit (made by the Asam brothers in 1723) in the cathedral at Freising, Bavaria

German Tourist Office

of that tiny minority able to do more or less as it pleased. The music, the books, the poems, the letters and conversation of intimates were consciously geared as far as possible to the rooms in which society moved, the clothes it wore, and the pleasures it allowed itself. Later, as the romantic movement gained strength, this rounded life was deliberately abandoned. It had in any case been an ideal rather than a reality for most of those who tried to live up to the highest standard. But all the same the ideal remained valid so long as the money upon which the social structure rested stayed safely in the same hands. That is, the German princeling, the British duke, the French marquis changed comparatively little between 1720 and 1920, while the satellite figures which gravitated round them changed even less, in spite of wars, revolutions and a growing sense of economic strain.

Between the wars everything changed, and above all the rounded life vanished—perhaps for ever. People felt no incongruity in sitting on a modern armchair beside an ormolu-mounted table, listening to the music of Alban Berg and looking at a picture by Steer. In place of the careful integration of the Age of Rococo, a total eclecticism was the mode; often carried out in so puritan a spirit that all ornament was banned as an unnecessary distraction.

Yet the need for ornament persists. It emerges now in the form of a passionate addiction to techniques of every kind. Where once a family coach might have been displayed as an object of art—its painted panels admired, its silk cushions set out to advantage—nowadays the parallel pleasure is given by an aeroplane engine proudly displayed in a shop-window. An electric mixer, a carefully designed piece of luggage, a page of italic script, give the kind of pleasure which used to be reserved for conventional works of art. One sees what an enormous break with the past this is. For centuries the main outlets for the creative use of ornaments were churches and private houses. One sees the two together, both erected by the same architect perhaps, all over Austria and south Germany, built in the period between high baroque and rococo. The churches swarm with statuary; the organ-cases and the ironwork make intricate patterns of weaving splendour; the doors

they may scarcely notice the modern buildings—which surround them because they do not expect them to be much good anyway. And they will get much of their aesthetic pleasure from sensations which would greatly have surprised our ancestors: a preference, perhaps, for the machine-made rather than the handworked; a love of mere newness, so that we all discard things long before they are worn out simply in order to indulge that love.

One substitute for visual ornament may come out of literature. It has often seemed to me that one of the reasons for the late discovery of Gerard Manley Hopkins was that he possessed a much greater appeal for the ornament-starved reader of 1930 than for the saturated Victorian world in which he actually wrote.

There remains, among the freshness and beauty of Hopkins's poetry, a certain smell of macassar-oil, and it was this which flawed the imperfect sympathy of Bridges. To a much younger generation, however, the sometimes suffocating texture of Hopkins's writing mattered little in comparison with the symphonic ornamentation which entranced the ear. And I should not wonder if the vogue for difficult poetry which lasted throughout the years between the wars was not connected with the growing experience of a purely functional approach to life and art. At any rate, the modern world has re-discovered one of the primary sources of eighteenth-century enterprise: a permanent restlessness. The rococo line was in constant movement, whatever else it may have been: similarly, our own contemporaries mistrust anything which looks static. In a world where little is stable, even instability becomes a virtue.

There remains, however, one overriding difficulty. Rococo art was essentially an aristocratic art. What happens, then, in an age where the aristocratic is also the



Carving in wood in the Château de Wilhelmsthal, near Cassel

From 'L'Architecture française en Allemagne au XVIII^e siècle', by P. du Colombier



Wall panelling with door, from the Residency at Munich: by Wenzelslaus Miroffsky, from a design by Fr. Cuvillies the Elder (1730-32)

Residenzmuseum, Munich

Now such emotions have had to be violently deflected. The flat, as a living-machine, has many virtues, but as a challenge to the fanciful mind almost none. So an antiquarian view of beautiful things has crept through the world. You do not, that is, expect much to be created here and now, but you are prepared to take endless trouble to see the fine things made in the past. People may visit Lecce and Noto, regardless of slow trains and bad food; they may treat the past as a museum and the present as a laboratory;

suspect? Suspicion, it is true, does not kill; it may even stimulate. But with the passing of time, and the growing invasion of sternly practical activities, can we expect our descendants to think it important to cultivate any decorative sense outside a discreet and perhaps impoverished individuality? Eccentricities will still happen. It is not much more than twenty years since an echo of the Amalienburg was built into a private house in Belgrave Square as a dining-room. But in general a taste for significant ornament is unlikely to express itself in domestic terms. What happens is that this basic human need turns away from the private sphere to the public. Sometimes it is sublimated into terms of music. A work like the *Metamorphosen* of Strauss fills that place in the human imagination which two centuries ago might have been satisfied by a temple or a grotto. Likewise, a painter like Klee, without being in any way an exponent of the rococo, may bring into common use an aristocratic visual sense which operates in our own world as powerfully as the concepts of Prunner or Hildebrandt.

What began as an art for the fortunate few is turning into a general expression of fancy. When Fischer von Erlach published his *Historische Architektur* he was addressing it to a very small circle of patrons. Those patrons, it is true, might be moved to commission a pagoda or an orangery—more in a spirit of mutual emulation than of understanding. Two hundred and fifty years later (almost) the wish to make so private a gesture has entirely disappeared—and what is striking in this change is that it has little to do with a general reduction of personal extravagance. There are still plenty of people in the richer countries who could well afford a demonstration of luxury which would have seemed normal to an eighteenth-century magnate. It is the wish that has died—just as there is no one now alive who would expect to claim immortality by building a pyramid.

A Link with Today

On the other hand, there are surprising points of contact between our own contemporaries and the magnates who made possible the rococo world of the eighteenth century. Both might recognize in each other a self-protective coarseness of fibre. In the eighteenth century the same empirical spirit formed the mind of society as it does today. People wanted to measure, to define, to know. They distrusted the mysterious. They liked to feel their feet on the ground. So now they feel a pleasant security in knowing as much as possible of the techniques of the day. So far as may be, every aspect of life is confined to a precise technique, indeed. Religion, economics, political science, are expected to conform to a technique no less exactly than the practical sciences or the fine arts. And one of the many causes of dissatisfaction in the modern world is that they so obstinately refuse to do so.

As a result, the imaginative power which in the past has animated the arts is deflected into other channels. The collection of beautiful things becomes an investment rather than a creative experience. Craftsmanship comes to seem a cumbrous extravagance. And although the need for ornament persists, it is satisfied in the most unexpected ways. By decorating ideas, for example—hence the immense amount of comment and criticism in the world as distinct from fresh imaginative creation. I do not think it would be exaggerated to claim that political theories such as fascism and nazism—theories, that is, which rest upon a deliberate evocation of the emotions and on little else—are typical modern expressions of the rococo spirit. In spite of the inequalities and injustices of the pre-revolutionary world, many of its private activities were innocent to the point of insipidity. The building of the Residenztheater in Munich or the water-gardens of Caserta were not in themselves likely to corrupt or distort the minds which conceived them, even if we take a stern view of the social consequences of such extravagance.

But now there is nobody (not even in Texas) with the wish to build palaces and water-gardens on a heroic scale. So that a great deal of creative energy is left unoccupied while the forms of daily life show a universal tendency to become more and more drab. The strength of the eighteenth century was its effort to see the universe as one whole, but I think its chief weakness was to be heartless—whether heartlessness took the form of too easy an irony or too sentimental a display of feeling. I also think that we, by contrast, tend to put our hearts in the wrong place—a much

more dangerous activity. It makes us accumulate money for the sake of power, not ostentation. And we either become hypnotized by political systems which offer an automatic answer to every question, or bored by others which are so cautious that they answer no questions at all.

Imaginative Power of Ordinary People

The most satisfying way out of the impasse in which modern civilization finds itself may turn out to be also the simplest: to enlist the imaginative power of ordinary people. Obviously, an aristocratic society like that of the early eighteenth century will not happen again—and there is little reason to regret it. On the other hand, what may happen if the imagination is allowed to peter uselessly away? If people can only be trained to use their eyes and their ears more excitedly—to notice the buildings which line their streets, to cultivate a sharper response to colour and design, to enjoy the feeling of relaxation which goes with what I have called significant ornament, simply to listen, to learn the art of discussion—we can expect to recapture the essential virtues of the eighteenth century without succumbing to the faults which eventually brought it to ruin.

Spengler complains that what we have lost in the last two centuries is the unity of art and culture, the sense of knowing exactly where we are going. It is that sense which gives so poignant a melancholy both to manifestations like the Munich rococo exhibition and even more to the physical presence of rooms and plantations and pilgrimage-churches which still defiantly assert that such a unity and such a sense ever existed. They can exist again. But first we ought to realize that we possess a far richer and more promising social structure than the eighteenth century ever knew. At the moment the larger part of mankind is still totally uninterested by anything beyond an immediate reality passively accepted. But everything is there to reawaken an attitude of mind which is shared by all humanity even though most of the time it lies dormant. From time to time someone like William Morris captures the imagination of a period. For a brief glimpse the face of the world is seen to be both more expressive and more kindly than we thought. If only that glimpse could be kept and held we might bring art back into a practical relationship with life, and so spare ourselves much of that feeling of disintegration which is among the most ominous burdens of the twentieth century.—*Third Programme*

Geisha Dancing

to Katsura at the Toyo Kan

To the small music of a samisen,
Balancing your pale face and lacquered wig
Like too-heavy burdens on your child's thin neck,
You gently stamp your attitudes,
Working the air with an orange fan
That the orange lining of your sleeves
Echoes, an occasional surprise.

Your ribbed fan beats the drum of air,
Half-closes, and is stretched
Open by a finger-tip, so,
Like a bird's translucent wing
Whose springy feathers softly clatter,
Flash across your face's quiet moon,
The oblique eyes of a petted cat.

I sit and watch the mask of your face,
Trying to read in it again
The message you gave me with your eyes
When you knelt before me to serve the wine,
But find now no answering glance.
Your blank-powdered face compels me
To watch only the movements of the dance.

JAMES KIRKUP

The New London University Precinct

J. M. RICHARDS on the plans for development

EVERYONE who knows Bloomsbury will have been appalled by what has been happening to it in the last few years. The Bloomsbury squares are in all the textbooks as one of England's great contributions to the art of town-building. Foreigners come from all over the world to admire them. They represent the intimate London atmosphere at its best.

Yet since London University became centred in Bloomsbury its heart has been gradually eaten away by new buildings and its character destroyed. There is no reason why Bloomsbury, which of course began by being residential, should not become the university quarter; areas of cities must be allowed to change their function as circumstances change. The tragedy is that the traditional Bloomsbury layout—a closely knit pattern of enclosed but connected spaces—is ideally suited to university purposes and could have been exploited in whatever rebuilding was needed. Instead, it has been lost. The new building has been clumsy, and unimaginatively sited, and there has been no overall planning; University College and the university itself have followed independent building programmes even on adjoining sites.

The one part of the university precinct that has been built up on a definite plan is the central area containing the Senate House, with its great stone tower, designed by Dr. Charles Holden in the nineteen-twenties. From the Senate House a double row of buildings was planned on either side of a central space, but in a form too rigid and symmetrical to be anything but an intrusion into the subtly informal Bloomsbury townscape, and the heavily neo-Georgian architecture has become progressively poorer as each new block has been built.

That is the depressing picture which meets the eye today. But now there is hope of better things, because a little while ago the university at last realized the need for long-term planning and appointed Sir Leslie Martin to prepare a scheme for the whole precinct. He has just presented it to the university and the L.C.C. What he (and his associate Trevor Dannatt) undertook was really a rescue operation, handicapped by many existing buildings and building commitments; but in their plan they have shown that it is not quite too late to restore some degree of unity to the precinct and recreate something of its traditional, intimate character.

The area they had to deal with extends northwards from the British Museum almost to Euston Road, and across from Gower Street to Russell and Tavistock Squares. It includes Gordon Square and Woburn Square, and what is left of Torrington Square, which had already almost disappeared. The new plan

preserves these green spaces and arranges for them to be visible from one another in traditional Bloomsbury fashion; for example, Malet Street, which runs down one side of the central group of buildings, was about to become a long built-up corridor because the only gap—that between Birkbeck College and the students' union—was to be filled in. Professor Martin suggests not filling it in completely, so as to allow views through and beneath it, and not completing the row of buildings forming the opposite

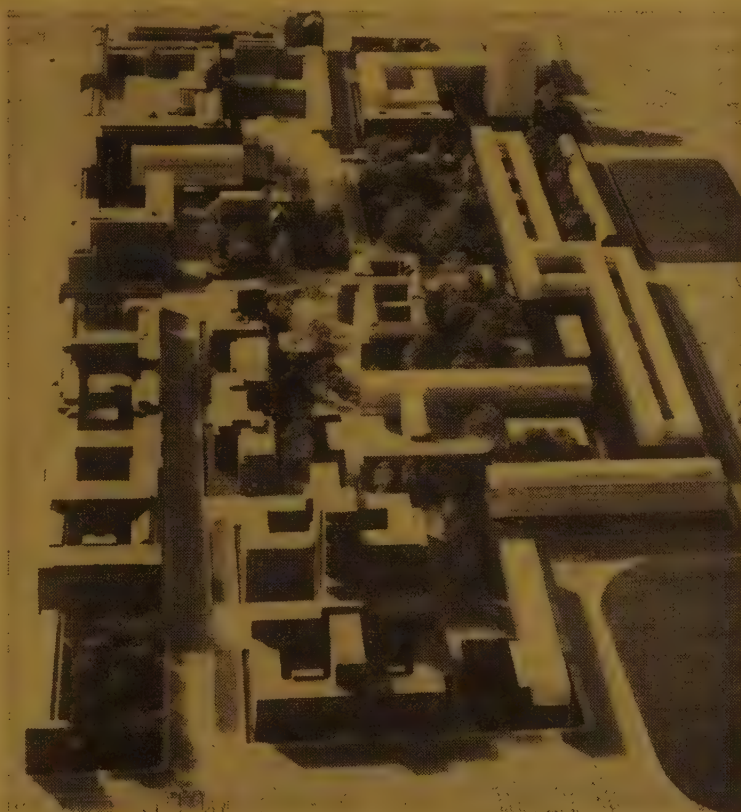
side of Dr. Holden's central axis (of which only the School of Oriental Studies has so far been built), but turning the remainder at right-angles so as to open the central space into Woburn Square.

Another defect of the recent buildings, especially those in Malet Street and at the corner of Gordon Square, is their overpowering bulk, and Professor Martin has treated the eastern part of the precinct, where new layouts are still possible, in an entirely different way—with long terraces, no taller than the present eighteenth-century terraces, preserving the same continuous rhythms and closing in the university area.

This, once again, is in the spirit of the earlier Bloomsbury, and may be some compensation for the loss of the original terrace houses that the new buildings will replace. I should add that several of the present terraces have gaps in them due to bomb damage, and others had been altered in the last century. Professor Martin's scheme preserves the most important terraces architecturally—the one forming the

west side of Tavistock Square and the one at the bottom end of Gower Street, which is very important in relation to Bedford Square. He also preserves the Catholic Apostolic church at the corner of Gordon Square, which is not only a unique piece of Gothic Revival architecture (by Brandon), but has a skyline that makes an agreeable foil to the rectilinear shapes of the modern buildings.

But perhaps his most important proposals are those concerning traffic. The word 'precinct' implies an area free from through-traffic, but two main traffic routes run right across the university precinct. Professor Martin would like these closed, but he realizes this cannot be done until road improvements have been made elsewhere. Meanwhile he proposes closing all the other roads, leaving the whole ground surface free for pedestrians and for car parking, and he connects the different parts of the precinct by bridges or tunnels over or under the two traffic routes. The bridges are part of a continuous pedestrian circulation system at first-floor level, which has things like common-rooms opening off it and lecture-halls and parking space beneath. This kind of two-



Model (from the south) of Sir Leslie Martin's scheme for the future layout of London University's precinct in Bloomsbury. In the foreground is the existing Senate House, with Malet Street running northwards on its left. Beyond the Senate House, and to the right, are Gordon and Woburn Squares, separated by new buildings from Tavistock Square (extreme right) and Russell Square. In the extreme left-hand corner is the quadrangle of University College, which is not to be disturbed

level planning naturally offers most possibilities at the undeveloped Tavistock Square corner of the site, which is chiefly to be used for post-graduate purposes and may be partly residential.

By treating the area as a whole, Professor Martin has been able to provide the new floor-space the university needs without building to the maximum extent on every site: he goes up high on some sites but balances this against other sites where there is a good deal of open space or where it is desirable to keep the buildings low for architectural reasons; for example alongside

Gordon Square and facing Russell Square, where an earlier scheme proposed a massive block which would have been unsuitable at the back of the British Museum.

Sir Leslie Martin's task was not to design actual buildings—architects have still to be appointed for these—and his long-term master-plan is only a very necessary first step. The next step must be to make sure that the future architecture is worthy of his imaginative planning. If the university persists in its preference for neo-Georgian and other compromise styles the present rescue operation will not have rescued very much.

—'Comment' (Third Programme)

Prepare to Meet Thy Doom

A sermon on the ambivalences of Progress, Reason, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity

By ERNEST GELLNER

THE belief in progress was the expectation, confident or hopeful as the case may be, of increased human happiness and rationality. It also looked forward to liberty, equality, and fraternity. But it can be shown, by juxtaposing the various modern literary anticipations, the nightmarish anti-utopias of Orwell and Huxley, that progress is impossible. *Nothing* would satisfy us. Any future counts as disastrous, in terms of our present visions of the alternatives. Similarly, the various specific values of the progressive creed—liberty, rationality, and the rest—seem to be desirable only at a distance, when seen through the dark glass of abstraction. Concretely, they acquire an ambiguity, a capacity to repel by their presence as much as by their absence.

Consider how one could attack that which remains of the faith in progress; how one can positively prove that there can be no justified hope. For there are still people who, though no longer sure, at least think that the world might turn out well. They think progress is at least a possibility. There is still some such sloppy indulgence in hope. But there is no excuse for it.

There is in fact no justification at all for such muddled thinking, for optimism, even if tentative. *Whatever* happens is bound to be no good. This is not just an opinion; this can easily be proved. The simplest rigorous proof is tautology. This consists, essentially, of showing that some statement covers all possibilities. For instance, the assertion that a given horse either will, or will not, win a race is necessarily true. It covers all possibilities. Hence, it is a tautology. Hence, it is proved.

The claim that progress is impossible, the claim that the world *must* go to the dogs, is equally necessary, equally tautological. This may sound surprising. Pessimistic dogmatism looks like a specific prediction rather than a claim covering all possibilities. But it is nothing of the kind.

The Belief in Progress

Consider, again, the belief in progress. Essentially, it was the conjunction of two ideas: one, man's control over his own fate will increase; two, this increased power will be used benevolently, for good ends. Given these two propositions, we have four possibilities: both propositions might be true. They might both be false. The first might be true and the second false; or, finally, vice versa. And if each and every alternative turns out on examination to be undesirable, then pessimism is proved. *Q.E.D.* Pessimism then covers all possibilities.

One of these four possibilities is of no great interest. The situation in which power is wielded benevolently, but there is not enough power to assure a happy outcome, is really our present condition. In some countries, at least, those who have power are not diabolical: indeed, given the option, they choose the better rather than the worse alternative; yet they lack the power to ensure the effectiveness of their goodwill. And that is not enough. So that takes care of that.

This leaves three further possibilities. The horror of the situation in which both power and benevolence are lacking is obvious. It is well explored in Aldous Huxley's *Ape and Essence*, where

we see a broken-down society following on nuclear warfare. It is both malevolent and inefficient. The horror of the situation in which effective power is conjoined with malevolence is even greater. George Orwell effectively explored it in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. The horror of the situation in which there is both power and benevolence is explored in *Brave New World*.

The fact that each of these three novels is generally considered to be a pessimistic one has led to the mistaken but widespread idea that they have similar themes and that they differ in detail rather than in substance. But, on the contrary, they differ radically in the fundamental features of their predictions. The three novels explore alternative, mutually incompatible, possibilities; and, what is much worse, alternatives which between them exhaust all possibilities. Between them they jointly explore and exhaust all the possible affirmations and denials that one can make with regard to the old optimistic belief in progress. They omit only the admittedly imperfect present. The fact that each of them is held to be pessimistic does not illustrate similarity of content. It shows that *any* possibility the future may hold counts as a bad one.

'Brave New World'

Brave New World is perhaps the most interesting of the three, for it takes what one would have thought was the most favourable possibility—the situation when human mastery over the fate of man is complete and when it is used benevolently; and it brings out the defects of even so satisfactory a situation. A world is portrayed in which a truly effective technology, manipulating both man and society, ensures general contentment. The novel condemns this situation, but it is remarkable for the fairness with which it states the case. It condemns the cosy, happy, secure *Brave New World*, and it does so because this world lacks certain things our world still has: a sense of choice and freedom, and the enjoyment—if that is the right word—of intense, dramatic, and unpredictable personal, aesthetic, and cognitive experiences.

The case is, however, presented with scrupulous and admirable fairness—for it is conceded that these things are illusory anyway. If conditioning is possible at all, then man is unfree, irrespective of whether conditioning actually occurs: the alternative is only between, on the one hand, planned and deliberate conditioning, which is open and visible and which effectively secures adjustment: and, on the other hand, the unplanned, haphazard, and ineffective conditioning left to chance, which, however, gives the illusion of freedom. Similarly, the book frankly concedes that the intense emotional experiences, which have disappeared from the *Brave New World*, are only the consequences of frustration, of damming up impulses, or of the over-compensations of misery. If so, the *Brave New World*, undesirable though it may seem to us who have made a virtue of our misery, only deprives us of what we never really wanted.

The novel can be seen as a truly effective critique of Utilitarianism—or rather, perhaps, of the implementation of Utilitarianism in a technological civilization which has the means to do so successfully. But, effective though the critique is on the

imaginative plane, it is curiously ineffective on another level: it does not challenge the premises which may lead one to accept such a Utilitarianism. These premises include the denial of the idea that some experiences have value irrespective of the satisfaction they give. This denial is not challenged. Moreover, the argument is carried on within a framework which admits that the evaluation of freedom does not really arise, for there is only the illusion of it anyway. It is also admitted that the non-hedonic valuation of experiences is but another illusion, the fruit of frustration and misery.

The underlying theme of Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*—the remaining alternative, for what it is worth—is less neat and philosophically unified: or, rather, when a simple theme is isolated it does less than justice to the book, whose impact really springs from its horrifying convincingness as a portrait of the present. Nevertheless, if an underlying theme is isolated, it turns out to be something like the conjunction of these ideas: *one*, nothing is but thinking makes it so; *two*, what we do think has come to be under conscious social control; and, *three*, power is insatiable. The conjunction of these ideas leads to a picture in which, in terms of our initial alternatives, a malevolent, power-seeking, and power-indulging Inner Party effectively controls men; when even the inner recesses of secret conviction, the independent certainty of logic, the privacy of personal relations no longer constitute areas of escape from power.

Orwell's Obsession with Social Control

Of course societies have always had the power to make their members believe things and indulge the delights of power—that is why Orwell rings so true about so many pre-1984 institutions—but, on the whole, they have in the past had to content themselves with a fairly imperfect and partial subjection, and often with mere outer conformity. (Pharisaism was a possibility: and when deprived of it, we see what a boon it was.) Orwell was obsessed with the consequences of increased social control, with the fact that no restraints will henceforth be imposed by the technical limitations of control and of power. In working out the implications of this, he sketches our remaining alternative. All doors are now closed.

In *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Orwell—or rather his hero Winston Smith—puts forward a theory of freedom in terms of objective, extra-social or extra-human necessity: freedom is the recognition that 2 plus 2 makes 4: not because there is no escaping of such necessity, as in some older theories of freedom, but because only such necessity is a refuge from arbitrary social power. '2 plus 2 makes 4' is an idea which, though true, does not otherwise warm the heart. Yet its objective necessity, any kind of objective necessity, is, in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, a kind of final attempted refuge from social control. (So, in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, is sex—a satisfaction so strong that it cannot be socially controlled and which thus comes to be an escape from power. This is quite different from *Brave New World*, where, on the contrary, the easy gratification of sex is one of the main ways of binding men to power, and where liberation from control can only be had through the emotional accompaniments of frustration.)

The Orwellian definition of freedom is in terms of clinging—without much hope, success, or conviction—to an extra-social objective truth, which accounts for why such fuss should be made of a morally and emotionally rather neutral piece of arithmetic. But the theory of freedom in *Brave New World*—or rather of the illusion of freedom, for that is all that can be had—is, on the contrary, in terms of 2 plus 2 making 5, in terms of the denial of a rational hedonic calculus. Unnecessary, artificial frustration, merely as a means of heightened emotion, is not reasonable: nor is disorder and unpredictability, used as means for providing the illusion of liberty, and escaping a rational society. But such irrationality is, it appears, the only way of escaping it.

Huxley did not actually, in so many words, put forward a slogan of the need for 2 plus 2 making 5, the need for irrationality as the only escape from a reasonable, benevolent and effective society; but some of his predecessors, who also feared that the Real would succeed in becoming the Rational and who wanted to opt out of it, did put it this way. They thus provide a neat contrast to Orwell's Winston Smith.

Dostoevsky, in his *Letters from the Underworld* puts a long peroration in the mouth of his hero culminating in the praise of

the formula that '2 plus 2 makes 5'. The arguments employed against a rational world, in which actual human wants would be satisfied, could all have come straight from chapter 16, the final debate, of *Brave New World*. Dostoevsky foresaw the objections.

Thus we have in Orwell on the one hand and Dostoevsky on the other, the literary expressions of two theories of freedom, both of which arise as reactions to increasing power: one, the clinging to rational necessity as the only refuge from socially imposed arbitrariness; the other, the cult of non-rational arbitrariness as the only escape from a reasonable but powerful and all-embracing society. So, once again, it would seem that whichever way things go, we are not satisfied. Freedom is elsewhere, in reason or in unreason, in necessity or in caprice, always according to—and in opposition to—the way things are supposed to be going. So, just as all alternative futures are undesirable, so also, either way, they are unfree.

Meritocracy

The same curious all-exhaustiveness of discontent, the impossibility of specifying a satisfactory alternative, applies to equality and fraternity. Recent sociological studies of social mobility inspired the reflection—later expanded by Mr. Michael Young in his book on Meritocracy*—that equality of opportunity creates a stratified society in which the lower orders are deprived even of that ultimate consolation, a sense of injustice; and also of the potential leaders who could voice their discontent. Insult is added to injury, and justification to the insult. Whilst the arguments are valid, they do leave one wondering what now happens to the older arguments for equality of opportunity. Those arguments appealed to the feeling of injustice. The elimination of this sense of injustice was the aim of attempts to bring about equality of opportunity. Now that equality of opportunity may be on the horizon, the elimination of a sense of injustice turns out to be an evil rather than a boon. . . . Once again, it is no good either way. Of course, those who point out the evils of mere equality of opportunity perhaps wish for simple equality, without qualification. But it seems plain that if this is possible it would only be so in conjunction with fraternity. A hostile, competing set of equals would soon lose either equality or liberty.

But the ideal of fraternity seems to generate ambivalence no less than the others; just like happiness, rationality, liberty or equality, the whole pantheon of the old belief in progress. In the past, the standard objection to capitalist society was that it destroyed fraternity, that it turned society into a jungle. It now appears that its defects are the very opposite. The most influential recent indictment of modern industrial society is Mr. W. H. Whyte's *Organization Man*†. His complaint is not that we are all beasts of prey, or preyed upon. On the contrary, Whyte points out that the consequence of modern organization is the most appalling outbreak of fraternity. Everybody loves and is loved with such scientific efficiency that there is no originality or fight left in any of them. Mr. Whyte's observations sound true and his revulsion is something one can easily share. Yet again, it seems hard on reality that we never like it, either way. Happiness and control, reason, liberty, equality, fraternity—they all seem sour whichever side you bite them. They offend by their presence as much as by their absence.

Need for a Re-examination?

It might be objected that these paradoxes, the rejections which face both ways, arise only through over-simple formulations; or, again, that it is not the same people who reject each of the complementary alternatives. There is something, but not much, in the second objection. For it is the same people, most of us in fact, who can feel revulsion both for *Brave New World* and for *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and for *Ape and Essence*, without yet being satisfied with the present; who can dislike both the jungle and the organization man, inequality and meritocracy. There is probably far more in the other objection—that the ways in which the various dilemmas and alternatives are specified should be re-examined.

That is my final theme—as befits a philosopher, it is rather formal and programmatic. It is often said that political theory is

(continued on page 514)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

March 11-17

Wednesday, March 11

President Nasser accuses General Kassem, Prime Minister of Iraq, of conspiring against the United Arab Republic

Southern Rhodesian Parliament gives first reading to a bill that would outlaw the African National Congress permanently

Thursday, March 12

Mr. Macmillan begins talks with Dr. Adenauer in Bonn

The Zambia branch of the African National Congress in Northern Rhodesia is declared illegal and its leaders rounded up

The Parliament of Ceylon passes Bill giving the Prime Minister wide powers for maintaining law and order

North American Air Defence Command announces that the United States is building a radar network in the Arctic to give warning of attacks by missiles

Friday, March 13

Talks between Mr. Macmillan and Dr. Adenauer end with 'complete agreement'

Members of Eoka start to surrender their arms at collecting points throughout Cyprus

Party of six Soviet political leaders arrive in London for a ten-day visit

Saturday, March 14

Colonel Grivas, leader of Eoka, issues a farewell message to people of Cyprus

Reports published in Baghdad say that 2,000 people were killed during the recent revolt in northern Iraq

Figures show that the epidemic of influenza is on the wane

Sunday, March 15

President Nasser makes another strong attack on Iraq

Northern Nigeria becomes self-governing

Twenty more Africans are detained during operations in the southern province of Nyasaland

Monday, March 16

U.S.S.R. to give Iraq £40,000,000 loan for economic development

Persia protests to U.S.S.R. that Russian aircraft have violated her air space eighty-one times in past three months

More pay to be given to 250,000 nurses and midwives

Tuesday, March 17

Colonel Grivas, leader of Eoka, arrives in Athens

Australia and Soviet Union to resume diplomatic relations

London Metropolitan police to have more detectives

Southern Rhodesian Government tables bill to increase its powers to control Africans



A batch of arms being handed in by an eighteen-year-old Greek Cypriot girl at Kykko Monastery, Nicosia, last week. In two days over 2,000 bombs and 600 small arms, ranging from ancient flint-locks to Russian shot guns, were surrendered to the authorities



General Abdel Kassem, on the roof of the Defence Ministry, Baghdad, after the fall of the Iraqi regime



The Duke of Edinburgh

Left: Princess Margaret, when she attended the Royal Opera House, London



Minister of Iraq, acknowledging the cheers of the crowd from the balcony of the Baghdad during a loyal demonstration last week after the city had been suppressed in northern Iraq



Two African policemen, armed with shields and batons, inspecting a store at Limburi, Nyasaland, which had been broken into by looters last week after the trading centre there had been evacuated by the Asian community



Presented with a tribal headdress by Dyak children during their recent visit to Sarawak

Mr. Caj Selling, a guest artist from the Royal Swedish Opera, performing a gala performance by the Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother at the Covent Garden, on March 10



From an exhibition at Goldsmiths' Hall, London, of Treasures from Cambridge, to which the university, the colleges, the University Library, and the Fitzwilliam Museum have contributed: *above*, 'The Annunciation' by Domenico Veneziano, lent by the Fitzwilliam Museum; *below*, a silver inkstand presented to Clare College in 1745. (Mr. E. M. Forster will be writing about this exhibition in THE LISTENER next week)



A young visitor to the National Stamp Exhibition at Central Hall, Westminster, looking at a sheet of rare Western Australian sixpenny grey-black

(continued from page 511)

moribund, and it is often supposed that positivism was the culprit. I think that in fact positivism was merely an accessory after the crime. The real cause is that political theory has failed to fulfil its function. It is the archaic formulations of questions in academic political theory, rather than the pseudo- and ultra-modern answers, which are at fault.

Political theory in its lively days was always a kind of general sociology—the drawing of general pictures of society enabling men to assess alternatives and express their choices. It was *not* 'the analysis of political concepts', whatever such a ponderous phrase might mean. And it only came to be narrowly identified with the problem of political obligation because at certain times the issue of loyalty without religious sanction, or of the permissibility of revolution, were of paramount interest.

The problem of loyalty and political obligation is not dead today. Pasternak, the ideological atom spies, or international civil servants have all had cause to ponder it. Nevertheless, it is only one amongst many issues, and it is not seen in isolation from the rest. Above all, no one is interested in having such a problem answered by the 'analysis of political concept'. What they do want is a general schematic picture which illuminates the real alternatives. This may include 'analyses' but is certainly not exhausted by them. The advance of knowledge simultaneously confers power and indicates powerlessness; it informs us of our limits. But one requires some kind of guidance to what these alternatives and limits are.

Political theory in the days of its liveliness was the more or less adequate sociology and guide of its time. Though partly a matter of expressing values, it also provided the concepts

in terms of which one stated alternatives. But traditional political theory is not adequate sociology today. Its decline is due in part to its failure to be such and in part to the fact that sociology now exists under its own name, or is expected to. People are now less willing to go for their picture of society to an old subject very restricted in its method or field to a mere 'analysis', and of a limited set of notions at that. It is also true that literature has temporarily done some of the work.

It would be interesting to see it continued: for instance, to see the initial pessimistic paradoxes, the social ambivalences of reason, freedom, equality, and fraternity explored by some more thorough and well-informed thinking about society. It does not much matter under what name it is done.

So if the King is dead, long live the King.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Which Kind of War?

Sir, In the talk published in THE LISTENER of March 12 Mr. McLachlan discusses the question: Are we preparing for the wrong kind of war? As some of your readers may know, I have no doubt that the answer is 'Yes', and my distaste for our present strategy is increased when I read that, according to Mr. McLachlan, 'our Ministers are not always willing, even if they are able, to communicate [the intentions of our foreign and colonial policy] to their military advisers'.

I trust the Ministry of Supply is making sure that all senior naval, military, and air force officers are supplied with Mark II* crystal balls.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

STEPHEN KING-HALL

Sir,—Mr. Donald McLachlan, in his talk 'Which Kind of War?' asks: 'Are we preparing for the wrong kind of war?'

It will clear our minds to realize exactly where our real danger lies. It does not lie in an all-out nuclear attack out of the blue: no one in his senses is going to start an all-out nuclear war. Our real danger—and it is well to remember that it is a danger shared by all, East as well as West—is that such a war may grow out of some comparatively minor aggression started with conventional forces: the more so as these forces become themselves equipped with minor nuclear weapons.

Our problem is to provide the conventional forces to counter such minor aggressions before they spread too far.

In the last war we had two lines of defence against fire: the stirrup pumps to deal with incipient fires; the fire brigade for those which had spread too far. So now we have two lines of defence: conventional forces and all-out nuclear power. But while the conventional forces can fulfil the role of the stirrup pumps by suppressing minor aggressions before they become too dangerous, all-out nuclear power can only fulfil the role of the fire brigade at the cost of destroying that which it sets out to save: it is

as if the fire brigade poured oil upon the fire instead of water.

It is therefore our conventional forces that are our first line of defence: for we cannot hope to escape minor aggressions. The deterrent is no deterrent to them: rather, it provides a cover under which they can be carried out. Hungary is a standing example of this.

It is no argument to say that we cannot afford both nuclear power and conventional forces. What the East can afford the West can afford, if the countries concerned have the will to achieve the necessary co-operation and to make the necessary sacrifices.—Yours, etc.,

Farnham

A. H. NORMAN

Soviet Foreign Trade

Sir,—Mr. Alec Nove's fine talk on Soviet foreign trade (THE LISTENER, February 19) stops short of indicating the grave dilemma for the West which 'genuine' (non-political) Russian trade may present.

Under the strains and stresses of the new and ambitious Russian seven-year plan, there may arise urgent requirements for certain Western goods which can be obtained primarily through the sale of Russian goods in order to secure foreign currency. These Russian sales may occur at prices well below those of the world market if the foreign currency requirement is sufficiently urgent. 'Dumping' complaints against these transactions lose their meaning when applied to a planned economy. 'Losses' which this organization may incur can be spread over the whole of the domestic Russian economy. Even in the absence of political objectives, and with the best of intentions, the Russian state trading organization may thus be forced to cause intermittent and unwitting havoc in Western economies in order to obtain the currency it needs.

The state trading organization has the further advantage of being able to offer long-term contracts at fixed prices to secure those raw materials in scarce supply.

A threat of this nature to Western markets and scarce raw material supplies might possibly result in large-scale unemployment and indeed

become a cause for war. At the least it carries gravely unsettling effects into the heart of Western economies. The crux of the matter for the West is that firms and individual traders are no match for a state trading organization that has all the resources, capital, credit and diplomatic support of a large state behind it.

But there is something even more surprising: suppose the Russians in their own interest wish to co-operate in the international economy—partition equitably scarce raw material supplies, organize joint investment projects or long-term stabilization agreements (for ten years or more if necessary)—to whom in the West might they turn? Individuals and firms are powerless to commit others (or even themselves) to such agreements.

Thus, in the international economy today, the West cannot compete effectively with the Soviet bloc, and moreover, cannot even co-operate to any significant extent. Under these general conditions, we must rate the prospects of economic coexistence as dubious indeed. We cannot be sanguine about the mollifying effects on the Cold War of increases in 'genuine' Russian trade.

No *modus vivendi* is possible that does not somehow neutralize these disruptive effects. Only if the West can develop her existing governmental foreign economic organs in association with private firms, to be an effective partner to the Russian state trading organization, and an effective competitor where required, can we be assured that economic coexistence is feasible. These organs have already been established to carry through the numerous foreign aid schemes and inter-governmental economic agreements.

It is by this type of buffer between our international economic activities and our domestic ones that we can preserve free markets against all the unpredictable political vagaries and economic stresses of the Soviet bloc.

Inhibiting an effective response to this problem is our extraordinary nostalgia for the old international economy—the self-balancing gold-standard system, refurbished in modern dress as 'full convertibility'. Once this ghost is

truly laid, we may find that unexpected avenues of co-operation in the international economy are open to us: new forms of trade, barter, currency arrangements and business procedures may make their appearance.—Yours, etc.,

Montreal ABRAHAM ROTSTEIN

A Challenge to the Universities

Sir,—Having taught in both British and American universities, and being now involved with operational research in industry, I was intrigued by Dr. Malleeson's talk (THE LISTENER, March 5). Of the many ideas which it has given me I can ask you to find space for only a few:

(i) There are interesting analogies between the 'operation' in question (the degree-by-examination system) and industrial processes where the crucial measure of efficiency is final yield after routine inspection of the product. A lot of research has already been done in this kind of context.

(ii) Are the tuition and maintenance costs of the proportion who fail the sole economic measure of the loss to the community? Surely, if we are committed to expanding university capacity in any case, the real cost includes capital charges on new capacity equivalent to that now being used by the 'rejects'.

(iii) Following from Dr. Malleeson's references to objective testing (e.g., multiple-choice examination questions), what is the real effectiveness of the device of 'external' marking of papers? This question, like most of those on the subject, tends to be answered intuitively. Is there any statistical justification for having examination papers assessed by someone who does not know the examinee?

(iv) Dr. Malleeson suggests some possibly significant correlations between academic performance and other variables. This sort of thing must surely have been studied by university psychology departments before now—particularly in America, where 'student counselling' is respectable. One would expect to hear of investigations into sexual behaviour as correlated with examination results. But has this been done for such 'academic' behaviour as lecture attendance or library usage?—an index for the latter could be evaluated fairly easily from existing clerical records.

In the end, however, operational research is worth doing only if the responsible 'executives' can define their ultimate objective and will listen to recommendations. I suspect that our universities may yet prefer their present failure rate to any imaginable proposals for lowering it. Then the idea of appraisal in terms of 'efficiency'—however neutral this word may be in operational research—will be unwelcome to most dons. Their natural tendency is to blame the failure rate on selection procedures rather than on the 'operations' producing the failures.

On the other hand, intuitive assumptions about what kinds of behaviour affect academic performance are implicit in many university regulations. Are the authorities willing to have these assumptions scientifically tested? I would offer them a challenge: will any university create a fellowship, with all facilities for investigation, specifically for this kind of research?

Yours, etc.,
CHRISTOPHER BLAKE

Glasgow

Sir,—With reference to Mr. W. Couth's letter on the Training Colleges, I would like to say, as a member of one of the smaller colleges, that I agree with him entirely.

Here, because of the comparatively small numbers, it is possible for everyone to receive

individual treatment. This enables the more intelligent ones to be stretched to their full capacity, and the weaker ones are encouraged to do better. The success of this approach can be estimated by the number of successful candidates. Previous to the last two or three years—when there have been one or two failures—no candidate has been unsuccessful at the end of the course.—Yours, etc.,

Liverpool, 3 C. LYDEN

Cambridge Concerns

Sir,—Your editorial 'Cambridge Concerns' (THE LISTENER, March 5) seems to be based on two misconceptions.

The first is that only in Oxford and Cambridge are university teachers concerned with administration, student welfare, research, and extra-mural activities in addition to lecturing, tutoring, and examining. In reality the first four tasks are part of university life everywhere. It is true that in the authoritarian hierarchy of the modern universities teachers who are not professors have fewer administrative responsibilities than members of the more free and more egalitarian ancient universities, yet even they have some administrative duties.

Teachers of all ranks do some 'social work' for students; indeed, the testimony of those of my colleagues who like myself have known both an ancient and a modern university confirms me in the belief that nowadays the average teacher in a modern university probably does no less than the average don at Oxford and Cambridge (which is not as much as many commentators think it is). The modern universities have admirable records of research by teachers and post-graduate students. Their teachers and administrators take part in public life as journalists, broadcasters, and members of official and voluntary bodies. Your discussion of the ancient universities applies also to the modern ones, for they are universities in reality and not only in name.

Your second misconception is that the dissatisfaction felt by some students in modern universities on account of the conditions and careers of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates would be an important reason for converting the ancient universities into research institutions. It is true that some students and teachers in the modern universities envy excessively people at the ancient ones, but the emotions of this minority would not justify depriving what you rightly call 'the cream of the students from the schools' of the sort of education that Oxford and Cambridge are so admirably fitted to give them. To disperse among the modern universities the boys and girls who now go to the ancient ones might well cause more frustration in the nation's best students than the present system causes in the others, and would probably make it more difficult for the modern universities to develop courses and methods suitable for the students sent to them.—Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 14 PETER CAMPBELL

[It is surely the tutorial system that differentiates Oxford and Cambridge from the 'redbrick' universities, not to mention the historic charm of these two ancient institutions. These are what they have to offer, not administrative efficiency.—Editor, THE LISTENER]

The Macnabs and 'Wild MacGregors'

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of February 26 there is a reproduction of a broadcast talk on the Marquess of Montrose. In it the Macnabs

appear to be specified as an outlawed clan, and linked with 'the wild MacGregors'.

This is not strictly correct. The MacGregors were outlawed, thanks to the machinations of Black Duncan of the Cowl, the laird of Glenorchy, and John Baine Macnab was fined for 'resetting' MacGregors, and in the Rolls of Highland Clans of 1587 and 1594 the Macnabs were mentioned with other Highland Clans as being unruly; but they were never outlawed. Finlay Macnab used his influence in 1646 to curb the depredations of the Irish soldiery who accompanied Montrose, and though his eldest son, Smooth John Dow, followed Montrose when Montrose changed sides and joined King Charles, leaving the side of his uncle, Black Duncan's son, who did not change sides with Montrose, John Baine my ancestor Finlay's third son, who had married Janet, a daughter of Sir James Campbell of Lawers, served as a Captain and held the fort of Garth Castle, at the foot of the pass over the braes of Schiehallion to prevent Montrose from taking the short cut south into Loch Tay side.

The Scots Parliament later resolved that Capt. John Baine Macnab had suffered a loss of £15,000 from Montrose's soldiery and voted a sum of £3,000 as compensation for him, though this was never paid. His son Archibald Macnab of Mullion, and Archibald's first cousin Alexander Macnab of Bovain, the Chief of the Clan, were both Ensigns in the Earl of Atholl's Regiment after the Restoration. It was not till long after this that the MacGregors became respectable again.

But of course I agree entirely with Miss C. V. Wedgwood about the Irish.

Yours, etc.,
A. C. MACNAB OF MACNAB
Killin, Perthshire

Is Chess Worth Playing?

Sir,—Although chess players so far have had little influence in the world, is it not possible that the game may have much greater influence in the future? It is the one game that is universal, costs practically nothing, is remarkably free from any money taint, and can be played with enjoyment from childhood to old age. The Russians have adopted it as a national pastime. Could not every nation do the same and find in it an outlet for the pugnacity and cunning which beset us and an occasion for the friendly rivalry which we all desire? It can unite people individually and in groups for the world over, and provide a common interest for the age of leisure which may lie ahead. Therefore not only should we play chess because we like it, as suggested by Mr. Broadbent (THE LISTENER, March 12), but we should also take it up as a duty towards the civilization in which we live.

Yours, etc.,
H. HARDING

Chichester

J. A. Hobson

Sir,—I am engaged in a study of the life and work of the economist J. A. Hobson (1858-1940). I would be most grateful if any of your readers who have any personal recollections of him and of the impact of his ideas would communicate with me. Letters and papers would be copied and returned.

Yours, etc.,
GERALD WALTERS
Four Winds, Kniveton Park, Ilkeston, Derbyshire

Why the England Cricket Team Lost the Ashes

BRIAN JOHNSTON on the Test matches in Australia



Lock taking a catch to dismiss Burke off Laker during the third Test match, at Sydney

THE M.C.C. cricket team has now completed its tour of Australia and New Zealand. I followed the tour in Australia and reported on the last four Test matches there for the B.B.C., and since my return to England everyone I meet asks me the same question: 'Why did England lose these mythical Ashes?' If I have been in a hurry I have given the short but perfectly truthful answer: 'Because they were beaten by a better side'. But the larger question is: Exactly why *were* the Australians better than us?

There is no doubt that everyone in England is bewildered by the result. When the M.C.C. team sailed for Australia last September they were heralded as one of the finest sides ever to leave these shores, not only by the cricketing public but by the experts in the press and even by the captain, Peter May, himself. There appeared to be good reason for this optimism. Everyone had become used to the smell of victory in this country. Since 1950, when we lost the rubber to the West Indies, England had beaten every touring team over here, with the exception of the drawn series with Pakistan. But people were apt to forget that in their last two major overseas tours England had succeeded only in drawing with West Indies and South Africa on their own pitches. Obviously, then, England had become a side more or less invincible at home, where the wickets for the last ten years or so have purposely been prepared to help the bowlers. Only in the last two years has the official cry gone up 'Prepare faster and truer wickets', though little, if anything, has been done about it.

So we have bred a team in which the batsmen have had to learn to defend their wickets on slow and turning pitches, on which they have had few opportunities to play attacking cricket with those

glorious off-side strokes which can make cricket such a great game to watch and to play. On the other hand, our bowlers have had it all too easy and have been made to look better than they really are. On these 'sporting' wickets the ball has turned *for* them, without involving any great effort of spin on their part, such as is needed on the good wickets of Australia, South Africa, and the West Indies.

This, then, was the background to England's



Gordon Rorke in action

defeat, to which can be added several more tangible reasons. First, as a team they averaged four years more per man than the Australians. This can make a big difference, as the Test grounds are all much larger than our English ones so there is a far bigger area to cover when chasing the ball. In the intense heat and on the bone-hard ground, this can take much out of men in their thirties. It also makes it essential for a fieldsman to have 'a good arm'. Over here during the last two years our players have been used to the 75-yards boundary—in Australia it is more often than not 100 to 110 yards. So the Australians had a big advantage with such magnificent throwers as O'Neill, Harvey, and Flavell: and the Australian batsmen usually took 'one for the throw' while our batsmen dared not do so. In fact it was not until I broadcast from these Test matches that I realized the vastness of the grounds. More often than not the commentator was anything from 120 to 130 yards away from the wicket, and, incidentally, there was no comfortable sound-proof box to protect him from the surrounding crowd: just a row of seats amongst the other spectators, and when attempting to do a summary at the close of play five or six large 'Diggers' standing two feet away nodding or shaking their heads in disagreement of what he said. Rather off-putting!

In addition to this the new craze in Australia is for those minute pocket transistor sets, and at least half the crowd seemed to have one of these so that they could check up on what the commentator was saying.

Then again this more youthful Australian side seemed to have more zest for the game, to be faster and fitter, which enabled them to make some incredible catches and generally to be more

attacking and aggressive in the field. It is, I am afraid, inevitable that our players, who play county cricket six days a week throughout the summer, usually followed by a winter tour, must sometimes tire of the game and appear to regard it more as a job to be done than something to be enjoyed, as it should be.

Breakdown of Opening Batsmen

But I suppose if one had to put one's finger on one single factor which contributed more than anything else to our defeat, it was the breakdown of our batting, chiefly of the openers. Time and time again May and Cowdrey, with occasional but limited help from Bailey, Graveney, and, in the later stages, Richardson, had to come in and face an appalling position. Here are figures of the starts for the five Test matches:

1st Test 16 for 2 and 34 for 2
2nd Test 7 for 3 and 27 for 4
3rd Test 23 for 2 and 37 for 2
4th Test 11 for 2 and 89 for 1
5th Test 13 for 2 and 12 for 2

What were the reasons for these failures? Who could have believed that Richardson would have such an appalling run? It is true his technique has never been perfect, but his admirable temperament has always enabled him to manage well enough to the extent of a Test aggregate of nearly 1,400 runs and an average of over 45. The wickets, though not as fast as the old Australian wickets used to be, were faster than English ones, and—this is important—had more *bounce* in them. This was one of the main reasons for our batting failures; our batsmen never seemed to master it. There was also, in my opinion, not a sufficient sense of aggression in the minds of our batsmen, so that the Australian bowlers were too often allowed to dominate them. If we had been able to enjoy a good start the result might have been different.

In bowling, England were undoubtedly the more skilful, accurate, and resourceful, but somehow in each Test Australia managed to produce a devastating piece of bowling by one of their team, which made up for what was, on paper, not an outstanding Test attack. This is not to belittle the marked improvement in both Alan Davidson and Richie Benaud. The former was much faster than we have seen him in England and bowled awkwardly over the wicket across the batsman's body. Benaud too was far more accurate and consistent. He took 31 Test wickets, and was never 'collared' by any of our batsmen, not even by Peter May, who, I suspect, could not always read his googlie.

Did Bowlers 'Throw'?

So inevitably we come to the question of 'throwing'. It should be emphasized that at no time did M.C.C. complain officially about it but that on the other hand there was never any doubt in the minds of most Englishmen and Australians alike that Burke, Meckiff, and Rorke were all 'throwers'. Australian journalists, and many old Test players such as Jack Fingleton and Keith Miller, were strong in their deprecation of this new menace which if not stopped may spread among the youngsters who will be the bowlers of tomorrow. Even now there is plenty of evidence at schools and grade cricket that the suspect actions—there for all to see on

television—are being copied by numbers of young players. The Australian players themselves, though loyal to their side, left one in no doubt of what they really thought. In fact, Lindwall and Davidson privately labelled themselves as the last of the straight-armed bowlers.

Exactly how much difference the throwing made to our batsmen it is difficult to say without being 'out in the middle'. But I should guess it made their job doubly hard. Burke, who jerks his off break so obviously that even the crowd laughed, can be discounted. But it was the fast men, Meckiff and Rorke, who presented the real problem. For six balls out of the eight they were very inaccurate, bowling several feet wide of the off or leg stumps without apparently having any control. Then suddenly would come a straight one when the batsman was least prepared. It is usual for Test batsmen playing really fast bowlers to 'play with the arm'. But with a thrower it is very difficult to pick the ball up—it comes from shoulder high with a terrific jerk, and often there is not time even to get the bat down. I do not think I exaggerate the difficulties: they were real and contributed to our batting failures.

The Umpires' Inaction

What about the umpires? Why did not they no-ball these bowlers if it was so obvious? Of course they should have done so. Law 26 is reasonably clear on the matter: 'For a delivery to be fair the ball must be bowled, not thrown or jerked: if either umpire be not entirely satisfied of the absolute fairness of a delivery in this respect, he shall call and signal "No ball" instantly upon delivery'. I do not think any of the umpires could pretend they were *entirely* satisfied. But I can understand why they took no action. These suspect bowlers were chosen by the Australian selectors, headed by Sir Donald Bradman. Their choice was then approved by the Board of Cricket upon which serve representatives from all the States. If *you* were an umpire could you have gone against them and no-balled their selection out of a Test?

But there is no doubt that the standard of umpiring in Australia is low. There were some bad decisions given during the series. Personally, I think they about evened out, though perhaps our side thought they had the worst of it. But a losing side is apt to feel this. I do, however, think that the Board of Cricket was wrong in not respecting Peter May's wishes concerning the choice of McInnes for the second, third, and fourth Tests. Although it has never been officially announced, it is generally accepted that after Brisbane M.C.C. asked for McInnes to be replaced, not because of his decisions but because of his dictatorial manner on the field. The Board of Cricket contended that this was not sufficient reason unless supported by definite complaints against decisions. These, I believe, Peter May rightly refused to give. It might have sounded too much like excuse-finding. One of the troubles is that Australian umpires do not have enough practice and few of them have played first class cricket themselves. When challenged with this a famous ex-Australian captain is said to have replied: 'You're wrong, you know. X [naming one of the Test umpires] played quite a lot for South Australia until his eyesight went'!

Lastly, I suppose that no side has ever had worse luck over the matter of injuries, and this

undoubtedly had an effect on the building up of the team. No wonder we found it difficult to find a successful opening pair with Watson (knee operation), Subba Row (broken wrist), and Milton (broken finger twice), all injured at a vital time. In fact, by the end of the tour every one of the original team had been away from cricket through injury or sickness.

Many people are trying to make Peter May the scapegoat. It is true that he is by nature quiet and retiring and not a natural leader of men. It is also true that he made one or two tactical mistakes. But what captain has not done so? Unfortunately it is only the losing captain who is put under the microscope. His critics now say he is too defensively minded. But when we were slaughtering the West Indies and New



Richie Benaud, Australian captain, the outstanding figure in the Test matches

Zealanders over here, the same people said he was ruthless and played the game too hard. On this tour he carried the weight of England's batting failures on his shoulders, and off the field never put a foot wrong. These good things are too often left unsaid. Has it been stated that the two teams were probably the most friendly of any tour—in and

out of each other's dressing-rooms and even carrying 'leg pulling' on to the field of play? This reflects great credit on both captains, and the crowds were not slow to react. They applauded or barracked each side impartially. One of the most touching moments of the tour was when Godfrey Evans came on as drink waiter in the last Test, at Melbourne, and as he went off the whole crowd of 50,000 rose to him and gave him an ovation—which was their way of saying goodbye to one of the greatest wicket-keepers of all time.

As I said at the beginning, England was beaten by a better side. Let us pay tribute to Richie Benaud who in his first series as captain won four Test matches and regained the Ashes. Off the field he was most friendly and always accessible to the press, sound broadcasters, or television commentators, at any time. On the field he proved himself a fine leader, capable of inspiring his team to great heights. Some people think he was too demonstrative when congratulating his team at the fall of a wicket. Certainly a good deal of hugging and back-slapping went on. But that was understandable enough in that he achieved his ambition of winning back the Ashes. Congratulations to him, and we look forward to the fight for the Ashes when he comes over here in 1961.

Captain S. W. Roskill is the author of *The Secret Capture* (Collins, 16s.), which describes the capture in May, 1941, of the submarine U.110. The hull of this U-boat sank before she could be towed in as a prize; but the books and equipment already removed from her by naval boarding parties were of great value to the Admiralty.

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

IF the action painting of the Americans was as uninteresting and uncommunicative as the run of such work it would be easy to make up one's mind about the whole movement, for it is largely their creation and they have the reputation of being by far the ablest of its exponents. But the exhibition of what is called 'The New American Painting' at the Tate Gallery—it is to close on March 22—must by now have convinced many waverers that there really is something in these extraordinary productions. To get the feel of this work it is necessary to see a large collection of it, like this, and for the paintings to be of the largest size, as here they certainly are. Given this, the direct effect on the senses is undeniable and even impressive; also the huge and heavy blots, the intricate webs of trickling colour, the violent slashes of black across white exert something like a spell and seem like magical signs which even if they cannot be interpreted still have power over the imagination.

It appears to be all a matter of scale. If such blots and scribbles occurred by accident or in the course of some half-conscious process like automatic writing they could not be of this size and would hardly have any such effect, but great enlargements of them cannot be produced without complete assurance and commanding gestures. Conceivably, as some of the more abstract designs of Paul Klee might suggest, reduction of size, entailing a fine miniaturist's technique, could have much the same effect, but the point is that there must be a marked change of scale to introduce the necessary element of purpose into the design. At the same time this is likely to encourage a sensitive handling of the paint, and in the work of Motherwell, Sam Francis, Franz Kline, and Philip Guston, in particular, there is an admirable richness and sometimes an extreme refinement of texture. It is not easy to understand why such pictorial qualities, which are usually associated with a long tradition of expert painting, should suddenly appear in America as if released by these completely uninhibited exercises with the brush; but it certainly is so, and most European work in this style would look tame beside the maniacal flourishes of these newly liberated giants.

Mysteriously enough, local patriotism sometimes prevents Scottish artists from exhibiting in London, so that we do not see as much as we should wish of a very interesting and distinct school of painting. We must therefore be all the more grateful to Anne Redpath for continuing to show her work at the Lefevre Gallery. In her still-life paintings she displays an intensely feminine taste for Victorian china ornaments which take some getting used to, but even though this may imply a not very adventurous or individual vision it is largely transformed by her lively distortions and the sensuous incrustations of her paint. By contrast her landscapes seem much bolder in invention, with a vigorous use of jagged and broken rhythms.



'Chilworth Halt', by Leonie Jonleigh: from the exhibition at the Zwemmer Gallery

In his recent paintings at the Leicester Galleries Henry Inlander has made a great advance, and the largest of his landscapes, 'Stormy Mountainside', is a work of great accomplishment, with a sure grasp of form and at the same time a sensitive and skilful exploitation of dramatic effects of light. He seems by nature to have the impressionist temperament, and is fascinated by such things as reflections in water, but some of his still-life subjects are able exercises in firm construction involving a high degree of stylization. Mr. Denis Mathews's paintings at the same gallery are the work of a much-travelled artist; in his figure subjects he is apt to wrestle with difficult and momentary poses, blocked out skilfully enough, but some of the landscapes show that he has a vein of gentler and certainly attractive sentiment. André Bicat's drawings and watercolours, also at the Leicester Galleries, have a real refinement of execution and are often extremely charming in colour.

The young French artist Guy Bardone, at the Marlborough Gallery, has had the courage to steep himself in the great nineteenth-century tradition of landscape painting, to which he belongs as much as do Bonnard or Segonzac. It is obvious that he is not archaizing; he works naturally and instinctively in this way, and what is more he is a really gifted colourist, able to use with complete discretion harmonies which might otherwise have too obvious an attraction.

Sir Winston Churchill's paintings do not seem out of place in the Royal Academy's Diploma Gallery as one of a series of recent exhibitions of the work of our senior academicians. At the present time the distinction between

amateur and professional has very little meaning, and we ought not to be surprised that a man of such force of character can hit off an immediately effective treatment of any number of highly picturesque themes. Moreover, it is interesting to discover here and there, as in the little painting of winter sunshine at Chartwell, a moment of sharper perception and much more original vision.

Roger Lersey, at the Redfern Gallery, appears to have made a close study of the cubists; he uses their methods of stylization with great skill and has an obviously professional command of his medium. At the Gimpel Fils Gallery an artist born in Formosa, Lin Show-Yu, practises action painting, or something like it, with truly oriental reticence; there are also paintings by James Hull, not so forceful as the new Americans but getting on that way. At the Zwemmer Gallery it is pleasant to find Leonie Jonleigh showing intensely nostalgic views of Surrey; it is surely well worth while to be able to feel as she does the not altogether conspicuous charm of the smallest of railway halts in the suburbs.

Thames and Hudson publish today at the modest price of 42s. thirty-two facsimile pages of a famous illuminated Book of Hours of the Middle Ages, *Les Belles Heures du Duc de Berry*, which was acquired in 1954 by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The pages are printed in gold and colour in the same size as the originals. There is an introduction by James J. Rorimer, Director of the Museum, and notes on each plate by Margaret B. Freeman. The first two titles of a series of 'Alpha Books' (18s. 6d. each) published by the Phaidon Press are: *Grunewald: the Paintings*, and *Manet: Paintings and Drawings*. Both volumes contain about eighty plates, sixteen in colour.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Safe Conduct. An Early Autobiography and Other Works. By Boris Pasternak. Translated by Alec Brown. Elek. 15s.

Reviewed by SIR HERBERT READ

IN THE MANY articles written on Pasternak since the publication of *Dr. Zhivago* no tribute has been paid to the man who first introduced him to English readers. This was Stefan Schimanski, who in 1945 edited 'The Collected Prose Works'. The contents of that volume, which was published by Lindsay Drummond, are identical with the prose works now freshly translated by Mr. Brown, but no reference is made to the earlier translations (which were by Beatrice Scott and Robert Payne) and unless there were copy-right difficulties it seems to have been a waste of effort to make the new translations, for they are not conspicuously better. Compare these two versions of the same paragraph:

The train left late at night. Luvers came over a month earlier and wrote that the flat was ready. Several *izvoschiks* were driving to the station at a trot. They knew they were near the station by the colour of the pavement. The pavement was black and the street-lamps lashed at the brown railway. Meanwhile from the viaduct a view opened upon Kama river, while under them rattled and ran a soot-black pit, heavy with gravity and terror. It ran off, swift as lightning, until finally in the far distance it took fright, trembled and went gliding among the twinkling beads of distant signals.

The train left late at night. Mr. Lüvers had gone a month ahead, and now wrote that the flat was ready. A lot of cabs went rattling down to the station. You could see when the station was near by the colour of the cobbles. They turned black and the street lamps looked like rusty iron. At the same time there was suddenly a view of the Kama, from a viaduct, where beneath them a gulf ran thundering out, black as soot, all heavy weights and clatter. The gulf shot away like an arrow into the far distance where it took fright, unrolling and all a-tremble with the twinkling tiny beads of signalling distances.

It would be presumptuous of someone who does not read Russian to pronounce on the comparative accuracy of these two versions of the same paragraph, but there is no doubt that the first version, which is by Robert Payne, is more rhythmical and effective. As for accuracy, Pasternak himself has said (in an article on 'Translating Shakespeare': *Twentieth Century*, September, 1958) that 'closeness to the original is not ensured only by literal exactness or by similarity of form: the likeness, as in a portrait, cannot be achieved without a lively and natural method of expression. As much as the author, the translator must confine himself to a vocabulary which is natural to him and avoid the literary artifice involved in stylization. Like the original text, the translation must create an impression of life and not of verbiage'.

The prose works consist of the title-piece, 'Safe Conduct', an autobiography that begins in 1900 (Pasternak was born in 1890) and ends with the suicide of Mayakovsky in 1930. These hundred pages, first published in 1931 (no dates of publication are given in the present

volume), are essential for any understanding of Pasternak and his work. The next longest piece is 'Zhenia's Childhood' ('The Childhood of Luvers' in the Schimanski volume), an extraordinarily delicate and sympathetic account of a girl's adolescence—'the sensation of a woman inwardly or from within perceiving her own external nature and charm'. The other three prose pieces are slighter—'Il Tratto di Appelle', 'Letters from Tula' and 'Aerial Routes'—they were first collected into a volume in 1925.

All these prose works show how mistaken it is to compare Pasternak with essentially Russian writers like Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Pasternak belongs (as did Turgenev in his day) to the Western European tradition; his compeers are Proust and Rilke, Yeats, Eliot and Lorca. The greatest influences in his formative years were the impressionistic music of Scriabine and the neo-Kantian idealism of Cohen of Marburg. But above all Pasternak has been one of the great experimentalists in modern literature, along with his Russian contemporaries Esenin and Mayakovsky (one might even compare him with Stravinsky and Kandinsky). Like all his contemporaries of the pre-Revolutionary period, he was inspired by the Futurism of Marinetti; he may even have read *Portrait of the Artist* as a *Young Man* (with which *Safe Conduct* offers some parallels) and *Ulysses*. *Dr. Zhivago*, therefore, must be read with these origins and intentions in mind: it then becomes much more comprehensible (as literary form) and much less isolated as a phenomenon. It is merely the last and the greatest flower of a tradition that began with Rimbaud and Lautréamont, and that is still the most vital tradition in Europe (we need no longer look for it in England).

In addition to the prose works mentioned, this volume contains translations of a fair sample of Pasternak's poems. Five of these are translated by his sister, Lydia Pasternak-Slater, and are as close a rendering as we can expect of what all who have made the attempt confess to be an impossible task. The poems Mrs. Slater translates are recent, and relatively simple; Mr. Brown, more boldly and with less success, attempts the impossible, but nevertheless gives us a glimpse of what Prince Mirsky once called 'a very new and unexpected world, a fresh and unprecedented vision of things'.

Fortune's Fool. Poems by Gérard de Nerval, translated by Brian Hill. Hart-Davis. 9s. 6d.

When Mr. Brian Hill chose to move on from translations of Verlaine to translations of Gérard de Nerval he was playing for high stakes. A version of *El Desdichado* or *Delfica* which could stand opposite the original (Mr. Hill always does his readers the courtesy of providing them with the French texts) must be the work of a poet who is using translation for something more than apprentice exercise. How often has Verlaine's '*Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit . . .*' been proposed in literary competitions? Mr. Hill's response to that poem, among others in his previous volume, demonstrated a lyrical power which set him altogether apart

from prize-winning ingenuity. This lyricism is abundantly present in his translations from the 'lesser' Nerval:

O bird that cleaves the sky,
O breeze that passes by
the narrow horizon
of my prison,
in your swift pride of wing
pluck me some growing thing,
some small and verdant shred,
with wind-stirred head!

This is not only a perfectly accurate reflection of the French text, it is also the echo, captured in English, of a particular *chanson* which recurs in French poetry from Charles d'Orléans to Apollinaire.

The technical problems precipitated by a translation of *Les Chimères* are really beyond solution; they are of the same order as Pierre-Jean Jouve has had to face recently in his version of Shakespeare's sonnets. Jouve sacrificed rhyme in order to achieve a word-for-word transcription which would, by the tension created between the words, be something more than a prose equivalent. Even in the hands of so subtle a master the result was only partially successful because the synthesis of sense-sound-cadence-image was inevitably broken. Mr. Hill, very rightly, decided to 'preserve all he could of rhyme-pattern and musical phrase. The peculiar triumph and splendour of *Les Chimères* is that almost each line of verse is isolated into a poetic statement (e.g., 'Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la Tour abolie') yet the poem is held together by invisible bonds. Mr. Hill has sought to preserve this inner continuity without which a poem becomes marquetry, but in the process he has softened the sharp impact of the Latin concision which Nerval imposed on his German romanticism. All the romantic agony is poured into the wine-press of this handful of incomparable poems. The merit of Mr. Hill's translations is that they transfer us to the originals with heightened attention; what more could be asked?

H. G. WHITEMAN

The Book of Unusual Quotations

By Rudolf Flesch. Cassell. 25s.

There was obviously room for a quotation dictionary which would both include the valuable scraps left on the floor by others and also carry on from the time when others left off. Mr. Flesch has undertaken both jobs and has made full use of authors who came too late for the standard works of this kind or have been, as he thinks, unduly neglected. Logan Pearsall Smith, for example, had only three citations in the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Mr. Flesch gives him more than sixty. There is nothing of Robert Lynd in *O.D.Q.*: Mr. Flesch draws on that wise and charming essayist more than fifty times; this is redress of grievances indeed.

The curious thing is that Mr. Flesch seems to take no interest whatever in poetry: to write in verse is to be out of his sympathy, if not out of his ken. The word epigram was originally applied exclusively to verse: yet in a book bristling with selected epigrams, prose is the order. Shakespeare is naturally drawn upon very little, since he had already been the subject of

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'mopping up' in every volume of this kind. When he is quoted (six times) it is always in his prose. Belloc, too, whose verse epigrams had memorable wit and sting, is limited to prose.

Among living or recent British writers who deservedly have their place in the author-list are Joyce Cary, Sir Winston Churchill, Norman Douglas, Graham Greene, Sir Alan Herbert, Aldous Huxley, Somerset Maugham, J. B. Priestley, Sir Herbert Read, Bertrand Russell, Freya Stark, H. M. Tomlinson, A. N. Whitehead, and P. G. Wodehouse. This choice indicates that the dictionary shows a widely ranging appetite for the sage and the flippant. Mr. Flesch apparently puts in what he has pencilled in his reading and is not setting out, as do most makers of such volumes, to be industriously inclusive and to give something from all schools of writing and for all tastes in reading. He has nothing from D. H. Lawrence, presumably because he does not like him or has not read him. To include more than fifty excerpts from Robert Lynd and nothing of Lawrence certainly proclaims individuality in the editor.

His favourites include some authors remote from most of us in this country. There are numerous entries from Georg Christoph Lichtenberg (1742-1799) and Josh Billings (1818-1885). Lichtenberg is quoted for 'A pure heart is an excellent thing—and so is a clean shirt', and 'Learn from life and correct your mistakes in living', which strikes one as less than brilliant. From Billings is chosen 'Don't do for others what you wouldn't think of wishing them to do for you', which is by no means remarkable. One author is included who has a mysterious fascination for compilers of quotations, C. C. Colton (1780-1832). He was the author of a quotation-mountain called *Lacon*. But who except the compilers has read it? One would expect a work so much ransacked to be available in the Everyman Library, which now includes more than 500 writers. But Colton has not been given a place, and probably did not merit one.

Mr. Flesch has served his readers well by his addition to the usual aggregation of epigrams and aphorisms. He would, however, be more helpful if he also mentioned the book from which his extracts are drawn. Where, for example, did Sir Alan Herbert write 'A highbrow is the kind of person who looks at a sausage and thinks of Picasso'?

Mr. Flesch is sometimes careless about the exact text of his quotation. In *The Revolutionist's Handbook* Shaw wrote 'Every man over forty is a scoundrel'. This appears as 'Every man over forty who acquiesces is a scoundrel'. In *Lady Windermere's Fan* Wilde defined a cynic as 'a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing'. This appears as 'Nowadays people know the price of everything and the value of nothing', which is quite a different matter. Possibly Wilde may have rather feebly repeated himself in another place, but as Mr. Flesch never gives the book or play from which he is quoting, one cannot check his selections without setting out to read the entire works of the author in question.

None the less, there is plenty of entertainment to be found in the bizarre range of authors and observations. For those who like to make a quotation game for parties, one may suggest some questions. (a) Who called success a Bitch-Goddess? (b) Who advised writers to imitate Cicero? (c) Who quoted as good advice 'Verify your quotations'? The answers are William

James, Harry S. Truman, and Sir Winston Churchill. The attention of Mr. Flesch is directed to the third.

IVOR BROWN

Bankers and Pashas. By David S. Landes. Heinemann. 30s.

Professor Landes of Columbia University has been given access to a source of information seldom available to historians. Concealed in the vaults and safe deposits of hundreds of private banks from the Rothschilds downwards there must exist a vast amount of material upon one of the most fascinating aspects of nineteenth-century history—the penetration of the ancient civilizations of the east by expanding European financial enterprise. It is rarely that the discreet heirs to those cosmopolitan adventurers open their archives to researchers, but thanks to the liberal-mindedness of the firm of De Neufville, Schlumberger et Cie (the former André Bank), Professor Landes has been allowed to examine an important correspondence recently discovered in the Bank of France. It covers the period 1858 to 1868 and consists of letters which passed between Alfred André, an international financier, and Edouard Dervieu, the private banker to the Khedive, Ismail.

One can be thankful that this opportunity has been given to an historian so well capable of exploiting it, for Professor Landes has not been content, as less enterprising persons might have been, merely to publish the letters in a slim volume with notes and an introduction. Instead, perceiving in the curious story revealed by them the microcosm of the whole financial process which eventually brought about the Khedive's bankruptcy and European domination of Egypt, he has written a most valuable and important book. It is the first coherent attempt at describing the structure of international finance in the 'sixties and the precise way in which it impinged upon the politics and economics of Egypt.

The real key to the economic history of Egypt during the decade is not the Suez Canal, important though that was, but the cotton boom. This was the direct consequence of the American Civil War and resulted in Egyptian cotton rising from 7½d. a pound in 1860 to 30d. a pound in the summer of 1864. The gigantic profits to be made reinforced the Khedive's credit, hopelessly deceived shrewd financiers like Dervieu, and masked the basic and simple defect in Ismail's finances, viz., that, whatever his income, he invariably overspent it by an astronomical margin. When the boom collapsed—cotton fell to 17d. in 1866—Ismail was ruined, though the final process took another ten years.

It is wrong to suppose that this extravagance was all due to personal self-indulgence. Much of it was, but Ismail had wider dreams. Like Nasser he aimed at an African empire. Like the Pharaohs he hoped to leave some vast monument to his name. As Professor Landes writes, 'Suez was to be the Great Pyramid of modern times'.

The author wends his way through the labyrinth of Egyptian financial politics with the utmost skill. It is a fascinating story. Not the least intriguing element is the contrast between Dervieu who occasionally allowed such irrelevant considerations as French national interest to influence his calculations, and André who, heir to a long line of protestant bankers with little cause to thank the French State, was totally

indifferent to anything except prudent profit-making, although rigid in his strict financial probity.

By contemporary standards Dervieu was relatively unsuccessful. He missed a fortune by overreaching himself, quarrelled with the Khedive, and was replaced by the Oppenheim brothers, whose skill in alternately flattering and threatening Ismail at the right psychological moments was unsurpassed. Dervieu did manage to hold for a fleeting period in 1876 an option on the Khedive's Canal shares, but he could not persuade the French consortium to buy, and it was Henry Oppenheim, by then settled in London, who passed on the information that enabled Disraeli to bring off his famous coup. Dervieu got out with £200,000 but he missed complete success both as a patriot and a moneymaker. His story is not the less interesting for that, and Professor Landes has told it admirably.

ROBERT BLAKE

Wives and Mothers in Victorian Industry By Margaret Hewitt.

Rockliff Press. 30s.

This is a comparatively short book, for about a fifth of its 250 pages is taken up with notes, bibliography, index, and such-like appendices; but into the space Mrs. Hewitt has managed to pack a great deal of interesting information, some of which throws quite new light on the controversies about factory legislation in Victorian days. Lord Ashley and his supporters made great play with three arguments: first, that in 'the factory districts' (by which, of course, Lancashire was generally meant) the workers got married at an early and very improvident age; secondly, that factory employment made for immorality among women; thirdly, that the family of the woman factory worker suffered exceptionally from inadequate food inadequately cooked.

All these arguments Mrs. Hewitt, after careful scrutiny of the sources and statistics available, shows to be untrue. Early marriages were no more frequent among the working class in the textile towns of the Potteries than they were among the working class elsewhere—they were less frequent than among the Durham miners. The illegitimacy rates in the factory areas were no higher than anywhere else (one of the observers pertinently enquires what opportunity of 'scandalous behaviour' a twelve-hour day in a crowded factory provided). Food was, if anything, better, because the increased earnings enabled more of it to be bought; and as to cooking, except in the homes where the wife had had a chance to learn something in domestic service, the standard generally was appalling. Mrs. Hewitt has some pleasantly barbed references to the kind of household hints, e.g., for making a fig cake with seven eggs, that middle-class well-wishers handed out to the poor. But, having regard to the Victorian attitude to morality, it may have been fortunate for the factory reformers that Lord Ashley's more lurid accounts of the immorality of factory life were not then exposed.

The real sufferers, however, from women's work in factories were undoubtedly the babies. 'Children of school age', about whom we are nowadays so concerned, may have suffered too; but as there were so few schools for them to go to, they would in any event have been playing—or worse—in the streets. But the fate of

the baby whose mother went back to the factory a week or two after its birth, leaving it in the charge of old women who took in washing or young children—these categories excluding the notorious baby-farmers—is told, appallingly, in the simple statistics, themselves certainly erring on the side of understatement, of deaths in infancy. Food is the clue. Wet-nurses were a luxury for the rich; cow's milk scarcely available and often filthy when there; patent foods did not exist at all until the 'seventies. Bread and sops were the baby's diet, supplemented by Godfrey's Cordial and the rest of the opium preparations. Of Mrs. Hewitt's tables, the most

telling is the one which shows how in the cotton famine of the 'sixties infant deaths actually declined in the worst-hit districts, because the out-of-work mothers stayed home and fed them.

Day-nurseries might have provided part of a remedy, as they did in Owen's New Lanark, at Marbeau and elsewhere in France, and in Richard Stamway's mill at Newcastle-under-Lyme, where the cradles were 'gently rocked by steam machinery', but the Victorian determination that day-nurseries should pay their way, and contain no element of charity, prevented their adoption. 'I would far rather see', said

Cooke Taylor in 1874, 'even a higher rate of infant mortality prevailing than has ever yet been proved against the factory districts or elsewhere . . . than intrude one iota farther on the sanctity of the domestic hearth and the decent seclusion of private life'. It was against such ignorant sanctimoniousness that efforts to protect the lives of working mothers and children struggled vainly until well on into the new century.

Mrs. Hewitt has put us all in her debt—no least the 'Wives Who Went to College', who may compare with interest some of their own problems with those of their predecessors in the mills, the potteries, and the fields.

MARGARET COLE

New Novels

The Captive and the Free. By Joyce Cary. Michael Joseph. 18s.

The Ruined Boys. By Roy Fuller. Andre Deutsch. 15s.

The Voyer. By Alain Robbe-Grillet. John Calder. 15s.

THE *Captive and the Free* is a posthumous novel by the late Joyce Cary. In an editorial note, Mrs. Winifred Davin tells us that it was written during the last three years of his life and that he continued working on it until a very short time before his death. Mrs. Davin has limited herself to correcting inconsistencies in the narrative and filling two short gaps in it, and to removing some passages from Cary's manuscript which belonged to earlier drafts. She has performed her editorial work modestly and well, and we should be grateful to her for providing us with a text which must approximate very closely to what the author would have given us if he were still alive.

The hero of the story is a man called Preedy, who after a turbulent and rebellious youth has sinned his way to God and become a minister of a faith-healing mission in London, which is so spectacularly successful that he has become a national figure, a darling and a victim of the press. One of the instruments of his conversion is a girl whom he seduced at the age of fourteen and whose baby has died because Preedy refused, on religious grounds, to allow medical treatment. Five years later Preedy still maintains relations with the girl, and a large part of the novel is concerned with the difficulties this creates for him in his mission of healing.

Preedy has a counterpart in Syson, an Anglican curate who believes Preedy to be a fraud and his mission an imposture. In his efforts to expose Preedy, Syson commits libel and slander and finally ends in prison. He also loses his faith, partly because closer acquaintance with Preedy has convinced him of its inadequacy. He abjures the priesthood and only recovers his faith, in a more evangelical form, when the prison walls have closed around him. In prison, Syson is free; out of it, he was captive to his hatred of Preedy.

A third important figure in the complicated pattern of the novel is Hooper, an unscrupulous journalist who tries to exploit Preedy and his mission as part of his campaign to control the *Argus*, a national newspaper with declining sales; his other manoeuvre is to take as mistress, and then as wife, the daughter of Lady Rideout, who owns the *Argus*.

The Captive and the Free is therefore concerned with very large issues in their simplest and most naked form; with God, sin, the wickedness of the world (and especially the

press), salvation by faith, and God's infinite mercy to men, however wicked. Yet it singularly fails to move us, and much of the novel, and particularly the machinery of the plot, has a curious unreality. Preedy believes in the existence of an abyss between the ways of God and the ways of men, which can only be bridged by God's grace, whose workings are here, to say the least, mysterious; but the trouble is that the ways of men in this novel have so little resemblance to the ordinary everyday world which we know that we are very little inclined to accept its account of the ways of God, which we do not. The affairs of the *Argus* office and of the Pant's Road Mission, Hooper's press campaign to popularize Preedy, the national sensation caused by Preedy's activities, carry no conviction, and if Cary fails in his account of the relations of men to men (and to women), why should he be any better guide to their relations with God? After reading *The Captive and the Free* one turns almost automatically to *The Varieties of Religious Experience*; Preedy's experiences are all there, but with what beautiful accuracy, realism and compassion William James has described them, while in *The Captive and the Free* they are left to the imagination, which Cary has failed to feed.

It is something of a relief to turn to *The Ruined Boys*, for if one feels that Cary attempted a task that was beyond his powers, one has no doubt that Mr. Fuller is in complete command of his. His title is taken from a poem of Auden's:

Amid the rustle of frocks and stamping feet
They gave the prizes to the ruined boys,

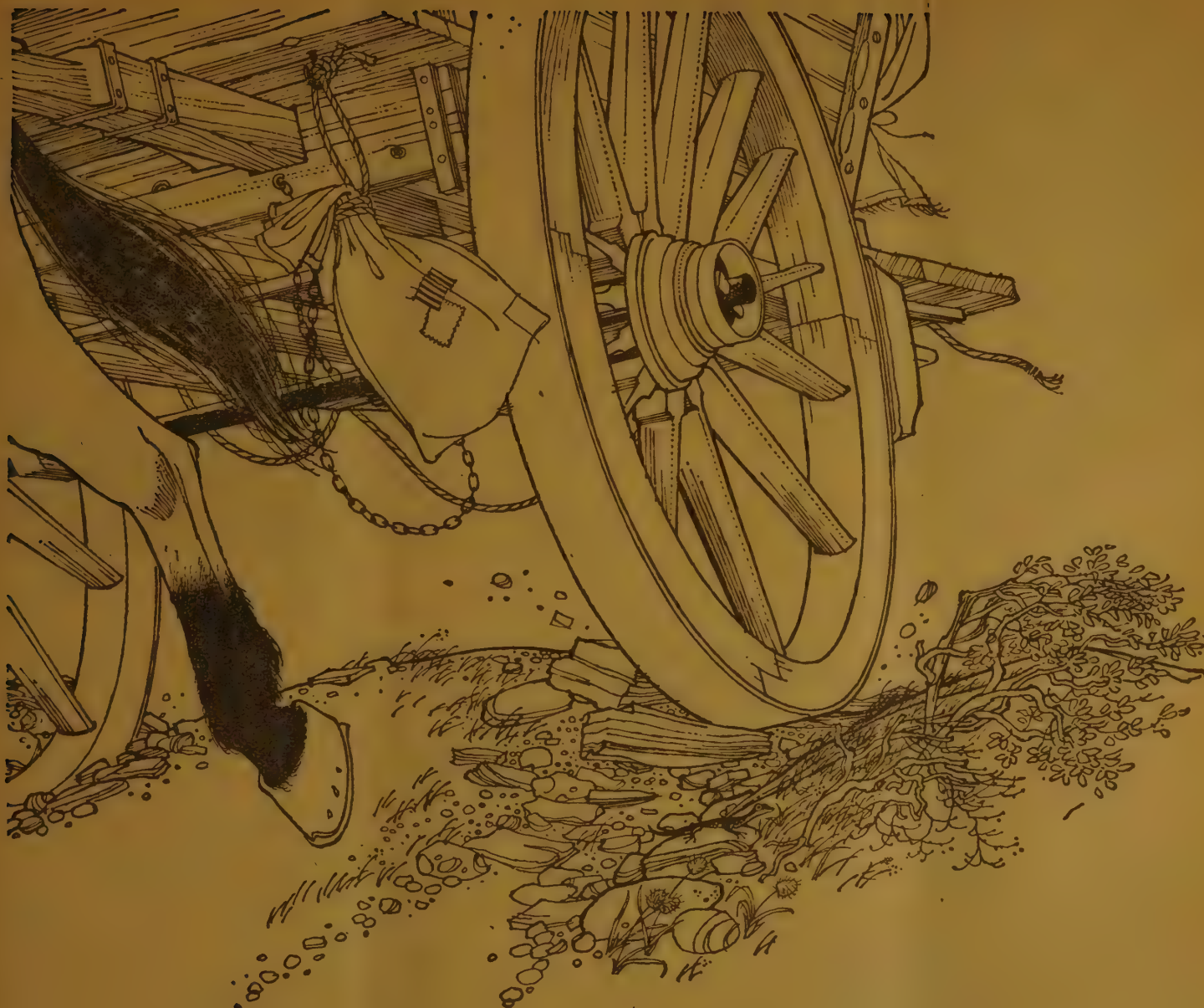
and his theme is the effort of a boy to escape from the irretrievable ruin involved in conformity to the standards of a bad boarding school, of a kind which played a more important part in English life twenty years ago than it does today. The world of school is a small one and fortunately it is soon over; but in Mr. Fuller's novel it reflects the image of a larger one. His boys are recognisably boys, but one day they will be men, and one sees with sadness what kind of men they will be. Gerald Bracher comes to Seafolde House late, and he tries desperately and with some success to adapt himself to its eccentric moral code and bizarre social structure, and most of all to the spiritual authority of its headmaster, Mr. Pemberton, in whom Mr. Fuller has created a character who is

both perfectly natural and perfectly grotesque, a monster who could not be anything else but human. Gerald is saved from his influence, partly by his own instinct to admire something better than the second-rate, and partly by the sympathy of a master and the example of an eccentric friend. *The Ruined Boys* has a happy ending, in the sense that Gerald escapes the fate of most of his schoolfellows, but all the time one is aware of how perilously near he has come to sharing it.

Faced with the absurdities and the cruelties of Seafolde House, Mr. Fuller writes with an admirable sense of proportion; he has no need to emphasize or exaggerate because his story makes its own effect and he tells it beautifully. If his writing has a fault, it is that sometimes he indulges in images and metaphors which, however striking in themselves, seem to be introduced for their own sake and break the spell of the small claustrophobic world which he brings so uncomfortably close to us.

In *The Voyer* also we are close to claustrophobia but it is the claustrophobia of obsession. It is a novel written to a theory, now fashionable in France, which tries to restrict the novel to the *chose vue* and rigidly excludes all forms of generalization, or even the possibility of generalization. All theories of fiction are wrongheaded and this is more wrongheaded than most; but what is astonishing in this case is the brilliance of the result. *The Voyer* describes the visit of a travelling salesman to the island where he was born. He tours the island selling his stock of watches, and is implicated, though to what degree we are not quite sure, in the murder and rape of a young girl whose body is found upon the shore. Is he murderer in fact or in fantasy? It does not matter, because the story is entirely concerned with the succession of visual and mental images in which both fact and fantasy are reflected and hopelessly intermingled in its hero's mind. It has the vividness and oppressiveness, the mad attention to detail, of a nightmare, and somehow the obsession with the exact description (specification would be a better word) of physical objects gives the novel a kind of optical realism which makes an uncanny effect. M. Robbe-Grillet may be wrongheaded but he is a brilliant writer, and one wishes that some of our own novelists would imitate his theories if they can be guaranteed to give similar results.

GORONWY REES



This is a road

Call it what you will—bridle path, track, cattle-route. *It is a road.* Primitive, of course, compared to today's great highways. But it leads somewhere. It is a vital line of communication.

Roads are the arteries of civilised life. And the traffic on them, as if you hadn't noticed, grows denser and heavier. To meet the world-wide call for stronger, faster and safer roads, engineers are thinking in new surfaces, new highway patterns, sometimes even in new dimen-

sions. And time and again they are turning to bitumen (or asphalt, as it is called in America).

Shell Bitumen, a product of petroleum, is a tough ally in these projects. A road is only as good as its base, and conventional bases are often inadequate for modern traffic. But new bitumen-bound base courses take the extra strain comfortably and are being used more and more, particularly in Europe, to increase the strength of roads while decreasing the cost

of making them. Thanks to bitumen, durable and non-skid surfaces are making roads safer. Thanks to bitumen's versatility, road engineers can make use of cheaper and locally available materials. And the world's biggest supplier of bitumen for roads is Shell.

Perhaps you know Shell mainly through the Service Stations you call at in your car. But Shell products, inspired by research, are also helping to improve the roads you run on.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Medicine Men—

IT HAS BEEN doctors' week on Channel One. Last Thursday, in 'They Made History', we saw a reconstruction of the first painless surgical operation ever performed in Europe. We were back in 1846, when Robert Liston amputated the leg of a Harley Street butler named Churchill, using ether as advocated by Dr. Bigelow of Boston, Mass. This feature was a far more convincing piece of work than the 'You Are There' series: indeed, of its kind, it could hardly have been better done. Nevertheless, it did not quite win me over to historical documentary with actors, which must perhaps remain a hybrid form. Television is a superb space machine: it can take you anywhere with complete authenticity. But as a time machine it seems to me somewhat less successful.

This is not to belittle the research that went into 'They Made History'. The horrors of a Victorian operating theatre were compellingly re-created: the laughing students, the top-hatted V.I.P.s, the surgeon in his dirty frock-coat stiff with blood, the tiny wash-basin whose use was optional, the straps on the operating-table, the box of sawdust into which the severed limb was hurled. And the final dramatic 'cut' as Liston raised the knife, shouting 'Time me'—he took twenty-five seconds—was an effective reminder of the terrifying efficiency of the Victorian surgeon, whose only ally, before anaesthetics, was speed.

But the introductory episodes, such as the one in which the ether was tried out on a young female patient, though admirably acted, remained acted. And the part of Liston—half grim sceptic, half messianic idealist—was also a good piece of character acting. But did he talk like that? Some of the dialogue sounded like hindsight: a remark like 'history was made today in this room' sounded as if it was addressed to us rather than to the doctors of 1846. And the device of having a 'modern' narrator—André Morell—strolling about linking the dramatized

scenes gave the programme an air of having been—albeit very conscientiously—concocted. But I never liked historical novels much, either, so may be prejudiced.

Introduced by some films of Hitler (who, as it turned out, did not steal the show), 'Lifeline' turned its attention to the 'Battle for the Mind': the inculcation of political or religious beliefs by emotional techniques. A psychologist explained how it works. First you work up your audience into a hysterical frenzy, so that they are exhausted and suggestible: then you indoctrinate them. The psychologist



Live snakes being handled by members of the congregation at a revivalist meeting in the United States: seen in 'Battle for the Mind' in the series 'Lifeline' on March 12



A reconstruction of the first operation in which an anaesthetic was used, performed in 1846 at University College by Robert Liston: a scene from the programme 'They Made History' on March 12

that I can ever remember to have heard broadcast: it made even Hitler sound like an amateur; and as for Billy Graham, who came later, he sounded positively apologetic.

The psychologist admitted that these techniques can be temporarily very effective if you actually experience them. Our regular Consultant Psychiatrist was also present to give a disapproving summing-up: but this was far too big and fascinating a subject to be dealt with adequately in one short programme. It might even need a series. As it was, there was insufficient differentiation between that revivalist and John Wesley, whose belated introduction into the programme raised all sorts of social and historical issues which were not dealt with at all. And we did not have the chance to hear (as we usually do in 'Lifeline') from the layman or 'patient' as well as the expert.

An interesting edition of 'Look' brought us some film close-ups of the insect world. First we saw the individualists—beetles and wasps, fighting each other and making their separate nests; then the more highly organized social insects, bees and ants, with their vast elaborate colonies. There was a remarkable study of two enormous white termite queens, actually the size of sausages but billowing in a sinister fashion like a pair of collapsing barrage-balloons or like some science-fiction jelly, with the workers scuttling round them. Their scale makes insects ideal television material.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

—and Doctors' Dilemmas

THERE WAS NO playing down to the laity in Sunday night's *No Deadly Medicine* by Arthur Hailey, a Canadian writer for television who has



'Look' on March 13: a queen termite surrounded by workers

showed us photographs he had taken of the conversion-techniques of some American revivalists: in one group, poisonous snakes were handed round among the congregation after they had been worked up to a state of near-collapse by dancing, rhythmic handclapping, etc. Those who died of snake-bite were presumed to have been in an insufficient state of grace; the other worshippers were undeterred. The photographs were remarkable; but something still more remarkable was to come: a tape-recording of a revivalist sermon, punctuated by affirmative shrieks from the congregation and rising to a blood-curdling crescendo of screaming hysteria. This was the most horrifying piece of pure sound—odd that it should have occurred in a television programme—

given us good things in the past and none better than this. By 'no playing down' I mean no light relief with the amorous or ludicrous medical student and the skittishness of nurses. Instead, with a scene placed in a small city hospital in America, we had the stark truth about the dilemmas and hazards of diagnosis, the overworking of the medical men with administration, paper-work, and committees, and the natural reluctance of the established senior to welcome new men and new ways.

The central figure was the head of the pathology department, Dr. Joseph Pearson, a part magnificently played by Albert Dekker who came from America to take it and triumph in it. He made of Pearson a large, untidy, Chestertonian figure, now genial, now testy, too long in one post, an ageing reformer who has become apt to grumble at suggested reforms. He is dedicated and indefatigable; but he needs shifting. He makes dangerous mistakes, he is shy of accepting new staff, and he rejects innovations. In his defence he can claim that the administrator's demands for economy make constant renewal of equipment impossible. Also he has done good things in addition to meaning well.

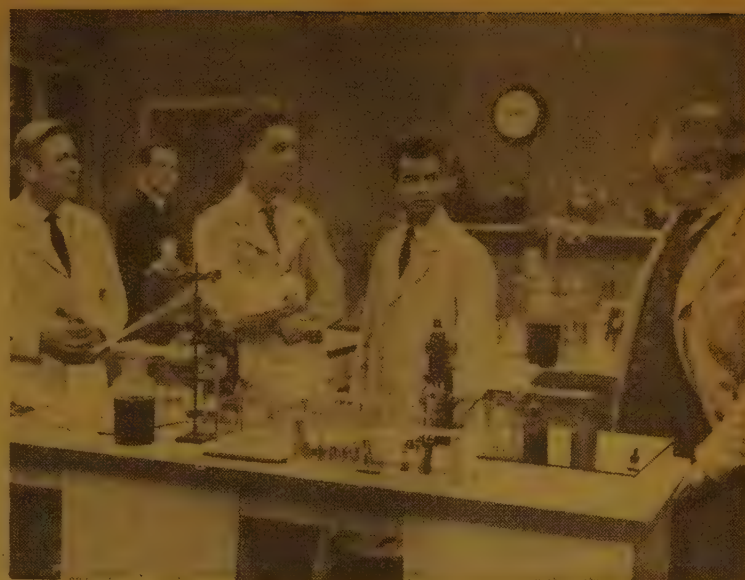
The success of the part, and the play lay in the balance with which Pearson was presented. Mr. Dekker might so easily have played him for sympathy instead of for understanding. The author might so easily have made an indictment instead of a portrait. Pearson, with his mixture of a sharp brain and a blundering manner, his chain-smoking of cigars, and his knowledge that he is a hospital 'character', could have been merely a 'fat part' for theatrical embroidery: he became and remained an intensely actual individual, in part lovable, in part dislikable, and representative of all the senior professional men who have marred their genuine gifts of skill and concentration by doing too much, staying too long, and refusing to decentralize their command of a department. Mr. Dekker's Dr. Pearson will linger in my mind as an essay in realism suffused with creative imagination.

William Sylvester, as the newcomer in Pearson's department, soon aware of its deficiencies and of Pearson's too, yet decently grasping the human situation, gave a steady portrait of taciturn comprehension. There was a charming projection, too, of a coloured 'lab' worker and his wife by Lloyd Reckord and Isabelle Lucas. Hospital detail of the grimmest kind was revealed; but never exploited for sensational, spine-shivering ends. The machine of public health was seen grinding its way along with abundance of personal devotion, occasions of bad management, and clash of temperaments. There was a little final moralizing on the business of medicine, which is to put the patient first and keep the machine in place as well as in order. But the giving of counsel was tactfully brief; it rounded off a piece of professional panorama to whose persuasive naturalism the production by Eric Tayler and the scene designing by Fanny Taylor contributed greatly. An unbroken ninety minutes was not a second too long for work of this quality.

Douglas Cleverdon's adaptation and production of *The Truth about Pycraft* (March 10) confirmed the lessons that David Nixon has taught us in his half-hours of magic, namely that with a camera we can snap our fingers at the laws of nature. Just as human beings vanish and reappear and midgets pop up and down for conjuror Nixon, so the laws of gravity can be defied for the benefit of a Wellsian fantasy. Magic ceilings are thus added to the magic

carpets of the traditional fairy-tale. Whether further spectacles of levitation and the like will add greatly to the pleasures of televised drama remains to be discovered. At any rate we now know the literal meaning of a floating population.

'The Black and White Minstrel Show' which appears at intervals on Saturdays might as well abandon its ebony preferences. The old-style Nigger Minstrel was always my idea of a nuisance and I can see no point in white singers (and fine ones) putting on a grotesque make-up, which has nothing to do with the natural good looks of an African, in order to sing popular songs which have nothing to do with the



Scene from *No Deadly Medicine* on March 15, with (left to right) Alan Gifford as Dr. Charles Dornberger, Gordon Sterne (background) as the Administrator, William Sylvester as Dr. David Coleman, Lloyd Reckord as John Alexander, and Albert Dekker as Dr. Joseph Pearson

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

A Welsh Occasion

THERE WAS THAT indefinable sense of occasion about the production by Mr. Emyr Humphreys of *Treason* by Mr. Saunders Lewis. Welsh legend had prepared me for Mr. Lewis's skill but I was still struck by the electric tension created by the cast which had been gathered to do their compatriot dramatic honour. *Treason* studied the states of mind prevailing among members of the German command in France at the time of the bomb plot against Hitler in 1944. As they waited for the telephone call from Berlin to tell them whether treason had prospered so that none should dare call it treason, the generals in Paris went over the ground of their motives. There was the theme, still popular in Germany, that the last stand of the Officer

Corps would have saved Europe from the barbarians, but the Corps itself was also shown to be decadent and deserving of the wall it faced. Von Kluge, the key man who could have ordered a cease-fire in France, is revealed as a man made captive to the Third Reich by a monetary debt to Hitler. The aristocrats who first encouraged the house painter are shown as victims of their own folly. Mr. Lewis shows that for all its professed altruism the bomb plot was engineered by men who merely wanted to fight another day. That it failed was the fault of the very men who are always so eager to complain that Germany was betrayed.

The Welsh heavyweight cast—Miss Siân Phillips and Messrs. Meredith Edwards, Richard Burton, Emlyn Williams, Hugh David, Clifford Evans, and the late Gareth Jones—fortunately avoided the caricature German officer voice. They mercifully let the tensions and anxieties of the conspirators speak for themselves and thus portrayed not merely German plotters of treason but plotters in any time, in any place. To the Germans it will appear as one more British idiosyncrasy that this play about them had to fight its way against prejudice within our own camp. It is up to Mr. Elwyn Jones, who translated the play, to persuade Mr. Lewis



Pycraft floating on the ceiling of his room in H. G. Wells's *The Truth about Pycraft* on March 10

coloured world. The suave melodies of the last generation proved much pleasanter to hear than the odious screamings and moanings now so much favoured in the dance-halls frequented by the more hysterical elements of what is called Youth with a capital letter. The Minstrel Show gave us an agreeable ration of the old, mannerly 'numbers' and of the Toppers' appropriate dance-routines. Margo Henderson proved herself an admirable mimic of some stars that were, but she should leave Marie Lloyd alone. In *My Old Man Said Follow the Van* there was a humanity and pathos which defies recapture.

There remains the performance of Kenneth Connor as Master of these Ceremonies. Having played second fiddle to Ted Ray for long enough, it was high time that the lively creator of Harold, the invasive brother-in-law, should become leader of another band. But he must get the right material for that antic presence, flexible mask, and fluting voice which remind one of the defunct music-hall at its best. Mr. Connor gave us the old seaweed song capitally, but was otherwise somewhat wasted. He could be a remarkable actor of droll parts in classical drama, where new clowns are needed.

IVOR BROWN



Whose deal next? It could be yours

They still talk about the Mancunian who made a fourth with three gentlemen from 'Down Under'. He lost that game and several more but found three firm friends. At Sydney he left the ship with an order for two hundred thousand pounds. The ends were less unusual than the means. For this is the P & O First Class Service to Australia. Here in one of the mighty ships of the P & O fleet the British businessman can come to terms with Australia and the East.

It's unavoidable. Out of some six hundred and fifty fellow passengers travelling first-class *nearly half will be people with similar or connecting interests in the same territory as yourself.* A high percentage of those will be people from the very area you are visiting. *They'll give you the lie of the land as none else can.* Conditions are

ideal. On P & O both the sun and the service wear a smile. You have time to know people, to pursue ideas without interruption, to rest properly. You do more constructive work in four weeks at sea than you do in four months at home. Yet you arrive back fresher than when you left!

If you have interests in Aden, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, the Pacific or 'Down Under'—it *pays to travel all or part way by P & O First Class Service to Australia (or the Far East).* Special seasonal terms and Executive Tickets are available. Ask someone to check *now* with your Travel Agent or with P & O direct. 14/16 Cockspur Street, S.W.1. Telephone: WHItchall 4444 or 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. Telephone: AVENue 8000.



First Class to Australia is an investment

that more of his work should be Englished.

Childhood and adolescence were variously studied in *The Changeling* by Mr. Robin Jenkins, *The Land Where the King Is a Child* by M. Henry de Montherlant, and *The Sound of Cymbals* by Mr. Giles Cooper. *The Changeling* was originally a novel and owed its broadcasting success to Mr. Moultrie Kelsall, who adapted it and took the part of an unobtrusive narrator. Its hero is Tom Curdie (Miss Eileen McCallum), a Glasgow slum child caught in an environment that encourages crime but possessing an intelligence and sensitivity which pleads that he should enjoy a different life. A sympathetic schoolmaster wants to give him the chance he hasn't had and takes him on holiday with his family. But Tom cannot escape his friends or his family and the schoolmaster's wife and children will not accept him. A sentimental author would have found a compromise, but Mr. Jenkins finds no solution to the boy's social problem. The boy's despair when he knows that he cannot escape the accident of birth and class during childhood is poignant because it is true.

No less poignant, in *The Land Where the King Is a Child*, is the plight of André Sevrans (Brian Bedford) and Serge Souplier (Nicky Edmett), two boys who indulge in an exploration of the potentialities of a homosexual relationship at a French boarding school. Their relationship becomes the concern of Abbé de Pradts (Denholm Elliott), who takes a Savonarolan interest in their moral welfare. The elder boy makes a series of concessions so that he can preserve part of his relationship but he is eventually expelled. When the younger boy is also expelled the Abbé is forced to confess that he too was in love with him. The fact that this play has been withheld from the stage by M. de Montherlant suggests that he was afraid that his intentions might be misinterpreted. He need have no such fear. It contributes to an understanding of adolescent sexual tensions without providing ammunition for the homosexual apologists. Surrender to an adolescent emotional state is shown to be synonymous with a state of spiritual collapse.

Mr. Cooper's *The Sound of Cymbals* is much lighter but is not without insight into the state of being a little terror. It is about three children on a forced holiday with a childless aunt and uncle. When Auntie sends them to their rooms they fill in time by descending to the cellars in a service lift and boring a tunnel to effect an escape. The play did not really go anywhere but it was a delight to hear children talking as they really do talk. Mr. Sam Jephcott, Miss Jane Asher, and Miss Lane Macnamara did fine jobs.

Mr. Rex Rienits is continuing our education in peculiarities of life in Australia's outback in a new 'Flying Doctor' series. This is one of the few series that has ever made use of radio communication itself as a backcloth for a dramatic situation.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Poetry and Jazz

HOW TO PRESENT POETRY is one of the intermittent but never quite curable headaches of broadcasting: a permanent but fascinating problem. Should the poem be left severely bare, to speak for itself? Or tricked up with sound-effects and musical fal-lals? Either way you can go wrong. An earliest memory occurs of Yeats in his old age, with a voice like a tired hurdy-gurdy, winding out a ballad or two, with squeaks from a whistle and gibbers from a drum in between. It didn't work: nor, for another example, did a programme of Baudelaire from Paris radio, with a rich contralto voice murmuring 'Le Balcon' and 'Harmonie du Soir'

against a background of someone who insisted on playing Chopin nocturnes rather well. The two arts, and artists, were kin, but not in the circumstances, mutually kind. Who wants trifle piled on fruit-cake? Or, as happened recently, Tchaikovsky super-added to Shakespeare?

The fact that an experiment fails to come off is not necessarily an argument against having made it. And every kind of poem indicates a different variety of possible treatments. If there is to be music, the poem itself should indicate what kind. This was admirably proved in the case of the recent production of Skelton's 'Philip Sparrow'. Whatever the treatment, the requirements of tact are that the poem itself should not be obscured, nor that it should be read to you as if it were a letter from your bank manager. A tone of impartial reprimand creeps into the reading of some anthologies of modern verse. Justified or not, it isn't exactly kind to the material, or the listener.

Another extreme, and the newest, is simply to jazz it up; and this is what a poet, Christopher Logue, given his own choice, did with his translations of lyrics by Pablo Neruda, in 'Red Bird Dancing on Ivory', in the Third Programme on March 8. Mr. Logue likes jazz. This seems to me a strictly incomprehensible statement. You like cheese? toothpaste? painting? Yes, but what *kind*? Only with jazz does it seem not to matter. Jazz is jazz: you turn it on like the heating, and then lie back in the warm current. It is not so much an art as an atmosphere. This of course is no reason why it should not be effective as a background to certain kinds of poetry. The trouble in the present case was that background and foreground got mixed. Who could hear all the words? A singer putting across a Cole Porter lyric makes you hear every one. But of Neruda-Logue I could glean only a few Sapphic fragments: 'Live girl, brown girl . . . soft as grapeskin, eyes . . . which is a kind of treachery against . . . drunk on turpentine . . . your wet body, like a fish under the net . . .'

If the intention was that words and music should be interwoven to make a new unity, I can only say that for one listener the effect was more like the simultaneous broadcasting of two programmes. The clashes and coincidences between words and music were more like accident than choice. And from what I know of Neruda, he seems close to the Andalusian tradition, akin in feeling to *flamenco*. These poems needed to be muttered, or shouted, against the sobs, threats, and silences of a guitar. Since the experiment was inspired by recent recordings of American 'beat' poets, speaking their verses through the twangle of a jazz ensemble, why not have chosen equally suitable material? There is so much in modern poetry, from Eliot onwards, that might fit in very well with a 'blues' background.

Two radio portraits this week, by a fresh hand, David Lytton, proved to be eminently competent handlings of complex material in two different ways. The portrait of Cecil Rhodes was all past history: that of Field-Marshal Smuts, the first of a triptych and dealing with his career only up to 1917, was built up with narrative from recordings by some of the distinguished multitude who knew and worked with him at some time or other in his long life. The effect in both cases was eminently clear and balanced. But how far was this instruction, and how far was it entertainment, and from which angle is it fair to judge? There was little here to cajole the listener: there might have been more to provoke. The effect was a thought too close to that of a judicial summing-up.

Involvement, on the other hand, was the life-principle of last week's 'Matters of Moment', in which Philip Mason brought together the whole scale of views on Nyasaland and its

present troubles. The result was calculated to raise the heat under any listener's collar. This was the kind of news programme that tells so much more than the 'news'. Of other things this week, I have room to mention only Irene Slade's and Anthony Thwaite's picture of 'Petticoat Lane' (Monday, Home) which brought all the brass, glitter, and backchat of Middlesex Street on a Sunday morning.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

The Art of Linking

THE PROGRAMME of poetry and jazz (to which David Paul refers above) assembled by Christopher Logue round a sequence of poems freely adapted by him from the Spanish of Pablo Neruda proved mainly frustrating. I should have enjoyed it more had I been able to hear the words. Mr. Logue's gentle voice hardly ever penetrated the encompassing noise for more than half a line here and there, and one was left with no clear notion of what was afoot. Yet manifestly there is something here worth pursuing. The music was tame; old-fashioned, it seemed to me, and pitifully conventional. Was this truly jazz or just a jazzy jangle? Even as a background it was inadequate.

Handel's *Julius Caesar* appears still to be the most successful revival of an opera by him in modern times. The broadcast last week was a recording of Oskar Hagen's shortened version in a performance at the 1958 Schwetzingen Festival. The shortening is justifiable in so far as it speeds up the action to suit the times in which we exist. But it does great harm to the second act, leaving it a poor ghost of Handel's original idea. This performance had its moments, notably in the singing of Grace Hoffmann who created a Cornelia of palpable nobility. The Cleopatra wobbled, the Ptolemaeus was a reality as a character, so too the Caesar. Then the music. What invention, what a ceaseless flow of visionary beauty, to come from a man who was kept busy fighting the obtuse London public and the tantrums of his ridiculous singers! There was always some hindrance to a perfect performance of his operas, it seems, at least after the early days when *Rinaldo* was produced with such success as made Addison and Steele apprehensive. There was a hindrance also last week. The opera is rightly styled *Giulio Cesare in Egitto*, and it soon becomes apparent that German, the language of this broadcast, is far more distantly removed from Italian than even English might be. The rich, heavy lines of this translation took the life out of the work. One realized that Handel, as an opera writer, was Italian first, German second, and by the end more a Londoner than any compatriot of the Hanoverian Georges.

The series of recitals of contemporary British string quartets is usefully reminding us of the recent past and introducing us to the present; McEwen and Maconchy, for instance, on Tuesday a week ago, the former a man of the earlier part of this century, while Elizabeth Maconchy's seventh quartet appeared in 1957. McEwen's B minor dates already; a good date (when Debussy was still a strong influence, evidently), but the music stays within its period and is already an antique. The Maconchy number seven is not so easy to place; it is, perhaps, dateless. At least the time is not yet to decide what influences have blown icily over it and shaped its strong outlines. I do not know what remote causes bore upon this composer's mind before she wrote this strange, exciting quartet; but I am prepared to wager that they were not preponderantly, nor primarily, musical; not matters of technique nor of the positive penetration of this or that style or manner of writing. This quartet seems to be

the expression of some deep experience such as would have resulted in an equally moving poem or picture or sculptured form had the artist been so inclined. I consider it our good fortune that Miss Maconchy's gifts are those of a creative musician.

When the *Studies in Jacobean Music* reached Giovanni Coperario we were given a rewarding entertainment, diversified with duets, beautifully sung by April Cantelo and Alfred Deller, and

instrumental music finely played by the Jacobean Ensemble—a couple of suites with an ear-tickling organ accompanying the strings and also the fantasy *In te, mio novo sole*, as was right, for Coperario was one of the Founding Fathers of the Fantasy, with Byrd and Morley. Most appealing was the solo air *How like a golden dream*, a delicately moving threnody in memory of Prince Henry. The whole recital was made vivid by the learned but friendly commen-

tary of Thurston Dart, giving the necessary historical background in clear outlines and amusingly linking John Cooper, as he originally was, by name with the French family of Couperin; a tenuous thread stretching from the London of Coperario to the Scotland of the musician Cowpar who went to France with Mary when she was betrothed as a child to the Dauphin.

SCOTT GODDARD

Two Aspects of Handel

By WINTON DEAN

'Alcina' will be broadcast at 8.20 p.m. on Sunday, March 22 (Third), 'L'Allegro' at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, March 25 (Home)

ALICINA and *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato* are both works of Handel's maturity, the former composed in the spring of 1735, the latter early in 1740. Beyond the fact that Beard sang the tenor part in each, and William Savage appeared in *Alcina* as a boy alto and in *L'Allegro* as a bass, they might appear to have little else in common. One is an Italian opera with a castrato hero, much spectacle and ballet, and little chorus, the other an English ode with no named characters, no story, and a prominent chorus. Yet there is an interesting link between them, and it lies in the development of Handel's dramatic style.

Alcina is one of his later operas, written for Covent Garden when he was competing against the Opera of the Nobility in the Haymarket. As a counter-attraction to the great castrati Farinelli and Senesino, who were in the enemy camp, he had engaged the French dancer Marie Sallé; hence the attractive ballet music in each act. This, rather than the four brief 'choruses' (sung for the most part by the soloists, as we know from Handel's autograph), distinguishes *Alcina* from the earlier operas. The principal vehicle is still the *da capo* aria, and the plot as usual is manipulated with little regard to sequence or probability, in order that each singer shall have the right number of arias in suitably contrasted styles.

We may feel this scarcely matters in a fantastic story of sorcery and magic (it is a variant of the Circe theme); but even the least realistic of librettos requires a certain standard of consistency. The musical invention however is wonderfully rich, as it so often is in Handel's operas. In melody, instrumental texture, and dramatic fire, the parts of Alcina and Ruggiero in particular are outstanding; and some of the airs of the other characters, such as Morgana's 'Tornami' at the end of Act 1 and Bradamante's 'Vorrei vendicar' in Act 2, though not very memorable on paper, spring to brilliant life in their context. Indeed the whole work 'comes off' on the stage, as the Handel Opera Society production two years ago amply demonstrated.

Nevertheless the limitations of the convention forbid the organic unity of music and drama on a larger scale than that of the aria. This problem was insoluble in the *opera seria* of Handel's day; it was solved much later by Gluck (with the aid of the French tradition) and by Mozart in *Idomeneo*. But Handel had already found an answer in his third oratorio *Athalia*, composed for Oxford in 1733 and produced at Covent Garden only a fortnight before *Alcina* in April 1735. This work, based on Racine's play, is one of the dramatic masterpieces of the eighteenth century and a turning-point in Handel's career. In it he broke the tyranny of the *da capo* aria, and evolved a flexible form in

which solo and choral movements are linked and intermingled according to the demands of the plot. By varying their length and proportions, and by the use of a progressive tonality, he could build up a cumulative tension throughout the work. The first priority was the drama, not the singer.

Had Handel been allowed to stage the oratorios, he might have abandoned *opera seria* much earlier. But he loved the stimulus of the visual theatre, and only the repeated failure of his operas forced him back to oratorio. In *Saul* (1738) he repeated the triumph of *Athalia* on an even greater scale. Meanwhile a new fertilizing influence had appeared in the great English poets of the seventeenth century. Neither *Alexander's Feast* (1736) nor *L'Allegro* is strictly dramatic in plan; but in both Handel projects scene after scene—the monarch's changing moods and the Greek ghosts haunting the battlefield in *Alexander's Feast*, the curfew hour, the fall of dusk on a summer evening, the rising moon in *L'Allegro*—with such stereoscopic depth and vividness that they seem to live and move before our eyes. The concrete imagery of the poems—a quality to which Handel was always acutely susceptible—and the natural tendency of his imagination, trained in the theatre, to see everything in theatrical perspective both contributed to this; but the most potent factor was the new freedom and plasticity of form derived from his experience in *Athalia*. The very absence of a story or any strong framework in *L'Allegro* may have forced him to extend this in new directions.

Charles Jennens combined Milton's two poems in order to produce a continual oscillation between the extrovert and introvert moods, which were as characteristic of Handel as of the youthful Milton. (Jennens's new third part, *Il Moderato*, is separate and is generally cut; but although the words are a sad anti-climax after Milton, the music shows only a slight decline.) The originality and flexibility of Handel's design is apparent at once. There is no overture; the rival 'humours' are presented in accompanied recitatives, the first darkly scored for two bassoons, two cellos and bass, the second introduced by a flowing string ritornello in 12/8 time which leads us to expect an air or chorus. This baffling of expectation, Handel's most potent dramatic weapon, underlies the whole work and takes many forms. There are only two *da capo* arias, both highly irregular, but several types of compound movement involving air, chorus and accompanied recitative, sometimes based on recurring motives. One of the finest is the section beginning 'Come, pensive nun', in which five movements are linked not only melodically but by a ground bass and a subtle use of tonality.

Handel makes no attempt at characterization.

The two 'humours' soon fade into the background, and there emerges a kaleidoscopic vision of the English landscape in all its detail and variety—trees, hills, and fields (together with the living things they contain), the local hunt, and the village church with its pealing organ. 'Populous cities' and the theatre appear too, but it is the sights and sounds of the countryside that move Handel most. *L'Allegro* is the most English of all his works, and the richest tribute he ever paid to the land of his adoption; nor has any native-born composer ever surpassed it. The word-setting makes nonsense of the charge that Handel had no feeling for our language. In melody and rhythm the music often recalls Purcell: compare, for instance, 'Come, thou goddess fair and free' with 'Nymphs and shepherds'.

The entire score has a youthful, spring-like, romantic quality that betokens a creative sympathy with the subject and far transcends the merely picturesque. Handel, whose church music altogether lacks the mystical element, had a strong vein of pagan pantheism and an almost Wordsworthian sense of 'something for more deeply interfused'. *L'Allegro* is a more personal and more characteristic work than *Messiah*, and scarcely inferior in artistic stature. It reflects the wholeness of Handel's view of life, his intense joy in every kind of human activity and in the manifestations of nature. Throughout his career the heavenly bodies and the changing seasons seldom failed to draw from him music with a profound feeling of spaciousness and wonder; *L'Allegro* contains a moonrise and a sunrise of marvellous beauty. We perhaps learn something about Handel from the fact that he composed this vernal music during one of the most prolonged and rigorous cold spells in English history.

L'Allegro is the obverse and the complement of *Alcina*. On one side we have an opera in a basically anti-dramatic form, on the other an ode with a full dramatic technique. Handel's genius is so fertile that we are scarcely conscious of any limitation, and both works are triumphs. When the splendid universal themes of classical or Old Testament myth encouraged him to combine the dramatic energy and human sympathy of the one with the formal flexibility and descriptive power of the other, he produced the unrivalled series of masterpieces of his greatest period.

A Purcell-Handel Festival, commemorating the tercentenary of Purcell's birth and the bicentenary of Handel's death, will be held in London from June 8 to June 27. Opera, concerts, exhibitions, and lectures will be given, by arrangement with the Arts Council, the British Council, British Museum, B.B.C., and L.C.C. Programmes and booking details will be announced later.



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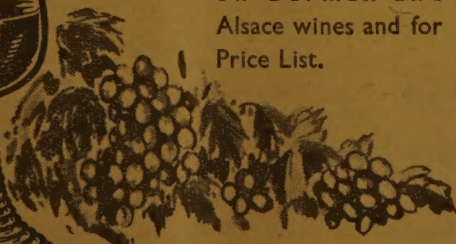


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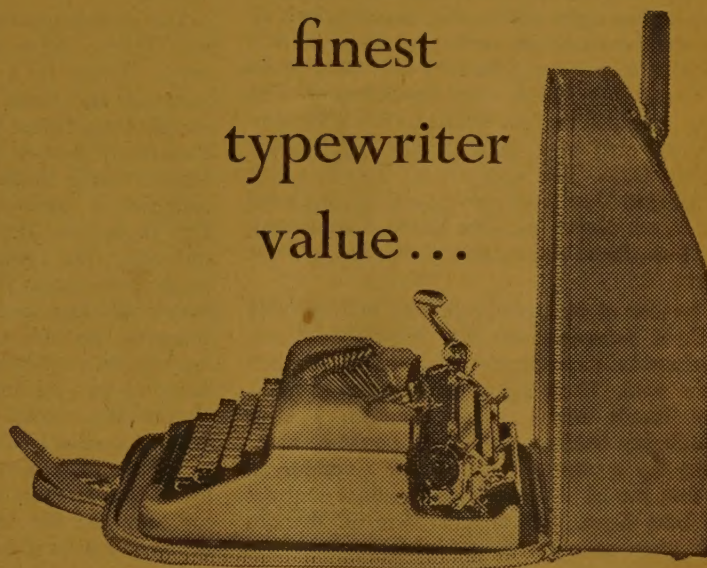


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Bridge Forum

The Masters Pairs—II

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

THREE further hands from the Masters Pairs Championship for the Waddington Cup were discussed in the broadcast of March 14. This was the first: Dealer East. East-West Game.

WEST	EAST
♠ 8 6 2	♠ A 9 5 3
♥ A K Q 8 6 3	♥ J 10 4
♦ A Q 10 3	♦ 6
♣ None	♣ A 10 7 5 4

Six Hearts, twelve tricks made, was the result at six of the eight tables. Our panelists had all held the North-South cards and Mrs. Markus and Mrs. Gordon registered a top score when their opponents failed to bid beyond game. The ladies explained that the failure to reach the slam was attributed to a light opening bid by East of One Club. The void in his partner's suit discouraged West from forcing and he responded One Heart. North bid One Spade, East passed, and West closed the auction with a bid of Four Hearts.

The view of the panel, expressed most forcibly by Boris Schapiro, was that West should unquestionably force on the first round, in spite of the void. There are many completely minimum hands which would produce a slam opposite his holding and which would be hamstrung by a simple one-over-one response on the first round. At one table the final contract had been Seven Hearts and there all thirteen tricks were made. North had held:

♠ Q J 10 7 4 ♥ 5 ♦ K 2 ♣ Q J 9 6 2

and, at their table only, had chosen to lead a club rather than a spade. The declarer ruffed the opening club in hand, ruffed two diamonds on the table and a further two clubs in hand before playing off all his red winners. Since the ace of spades still provided an entry to the dummy, North was squeezed in the black suits.

The comparative merits of the subtle and the obvious was the main point of the second hand:

♠ Q J 9 6 2 ♥ None ♦ 6 ♣ A Q 10 8 5 4 2

The partner hand had opened One Spade, and both Terence Reese and Mrs. Markus held the above. There is a wide variety of possible responses and Reese selected the fairly obvious one of Two Clubs. When Boris Schapiro rebid Two Hearts he now jumped to Six Spades. Mrs. Markus saw a chance to steal an extra trick by inhibiting a diamond lead with a response of Two Diamonds. Mrs. Gordon rebid Two Hearts and after the formalities of Blackwood, Six Spades was again the final contract. Against Reese's bidding a diamond was not led and Schapiro was able to make all thirteen tricks. Against Mrs. Markus and Mrs. Gordon a diamond was led and twelve tricks were made. Terence Reese made the point that an opponent with a number of diamonds might well suspect the object of a diamond bid when it was followed by a jump to Six Spades, and that in good company the bid was as likely to attract the diamond lead as to inhibit it.

In a discussion on the general results Mr. Rodrigue had spoken of the outstanding class of the winners. He was asked to consider the possibility that their opponents feared their reputation to some extent. This hand was offered by way of illustration:

♠ A K 5 ♥ 7 ♦ Q 10 8 6 3 ♣ A 7 5 3

Mr. Rodrigue had held this hand, vulnerable against non-vulnerable opponents, who were Reese and Schapiro. After his partner had passed, the second hand opened One Spade, Mr. Rodrigue passed, and the fourth hand bid Three Spades which was passed out. Three Spades failed by two tricks, but Three No Trumps or a minor suit game could have been made the other way, and a part-score would have produced a better score than the undoubted Three Spade contract.

The panel were all agreed that it was best to pass over the bid of One Spade. Partner had already passed, therefore game was unlikely, and the diamond suit was too thin to bid at the two level. The rest of the panel, however, felt that Rodrigue might have taken action when Three Spades was passed, and double (a business double) was the action suggested. A heart ruff would be sufficient to defeat the contract if partner produced one trick, and the fact that the bidding had died so abruptly suggested that he might well provide at least that trick. Three Spades would have been defeated by two tricks for a fair score, improving on all the pairs who failed to bid game.

The Umbrella

A new poem by WILLIAM PLOMER

1

In the nocturnal city I needed no map.
The name of the street
And the number of the house,
I knew them like thirst:
So I found my way all right
On that clear spring night.

I took with me all I had—
Body, head, heart.
It was too much to take—
How was I to know that?
All of me felt so light
That soft spring night.

When I got to the house
No sign of a door!
But someone was there—
I saw a face look out
Through a window, straight into mine—
But it made no sign.

I went all round the house
And back to where I began.
And now the windows had gone—
The façade was utterly blank
And all of the same grey brick,
As if by a trick.

I had taken there all I had—
Most of all, hope.
Worse than a dream when the earth
Gives way, to be left
Standing with feet of stone
On the granite street.

Taxi, Thank you, I said, I'll walk.
I felt on my skin the scab
Of drought. With paper and dust
I began an irregular drift
In continuing dusk—
A dry, light, empty husk.

2

That was all long ago,
And I never went back.
A circuitous journey began—
Perhaps its hazards were part
Of an ultimate good
Not then understood.

My dispersonate self once more
Drew on the gloves of flesh,
And it put on a pair
Of the spring-heeled shoes of hope:
To live, one has to defy
What one cannot live by.

And healing came
On a thunderstruck day
With the drum of drops on a dome
Of shared black silk—thumps
Asserting in quickening rain
Purpose was pulsing again.

Suggestions for the Housewife

IN 'Today' Christopher Serpell, B.B.C. correspondent in Washington, described a dinner given to Lord Rosse, Vice-Chancellor of Trinity College, Dublin, by the American Association of Museums. The dinner was held in the oldest house in Washington, built in 1754, and all the dishes were prepared from recipes dated between 1674 and 1801. Here are three of them:

Virginia Baked Ham

(William Byrd's recipe, 1674)

Soak the ham in cold water for twenty-four hours, then simmer for about five hours, until the flat bone of the ham is loose. Cool the ham in the liquid. Remove the skin and trim the fat. Cover well with the following mixture: half a cup of breadcrumbs, half a cup of brown sugar, and a quarter of a teaspoon of dry mustard. Rub the mixture in well. Bake the ham in a slow oven for about one hour until it is brown and the sugar has melted.

Green Tomato Soy

(Edmonia Thomasia Anderson's recipe, 1798)

Take a peck of green tomatoes, one large white cabbage, and two quarts of white onions. Shred these fine and place in separate layers in a stone jar, salting each third layer. By the time you have filled the jar the salt will have drawn out a good deal of the liquid. Pour this off; you will have room for more layers. Let stand overnight in a cool place.

Next morning drain; put all into a preserving kettle; cover with cold water and bring to the boil. Drain again. Now pour on one gallon of

distilled white vinegar. Add three pounds of sugar and a cloth bag in which you have put some whole cloves, mace, cinnamon, celery seed, and mustard to taste. Cook gently until the cabbage is tender and well seasoned.

Pilau of Eastern Rice

(Mrs. Coalter's recipe, 1801)

Put a quarter of a pound of butter in a frying pan. When it has melted drop in a quarter of a cup of unsalted pistachio nuts and sauté. Add two cups of cold, cooked rice. Sprinkle one teaspoon of mace over it. 'Lift' until rice is dry.

Swiss Apple Flan

Swiss apple flan consists of the same ingredients as an apple pie, but it is presented more attractively. To make it you need a flan-case, which you line with a plain short pastry—or a sweet short pastry, if you prefer it.

Leave this on one side and prepare the filling. For an average-sized flan you will need about a pound of apples. Keep one apple aside, and peel and core the rest, chop them up, and stew them with a little butter, a squeeze of lemon juice, sugar to taste, and just a drop of water—enough to stop the apples from sticking to the bottom of the pan. Stew until you have a purée. If the purée needs further sweetening, add more sugar.

Let the purée get cold before you put it into the pastry case, and then peel and core the apple you put aside, slice it very thinly, and put the slices in circles on the top as a decoration. Bake in a fairly hot oven for twenty-five

to thirty minutes, but slip off the flan-ring when it is nearly time to remove the flan from the oven, so that the pastry can get the full heat and be thoroughly cooked. When the flan is ready, brush over the top with some warm apricot jam: this not only sweetens the slices of apple but also makes an attractive finish.

PAULINE CHAMONT
'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

WALTER LAQUEUR (page 495): author of *Communism and Nationalism in the Middle East*; editor of *Soviet Survey* and *The Middle East in Transition*

ALAN PRYCE-JONES (page 506): editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*; a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery; author of *The Spring Journey*, *People in the South*, *Beethoven*, etc.; editor of *The New Outline of Modern Knowledge*

J. M. RICHARDS (page 509): Hoffman Wood Professor of Architecture, Leeds University, since 1957; joint editor of the *Architectural Review* since 1946; author of *Introduction to Moslem Architecture*, *The Functional Tradition in Early Industrial Buildings*, etc.

ERNEST GELLNER (page 510): Reader in Sociology, London School of Economics, London University

WINTON DEAN (page 528): author of *Bizet*, *Handel's Oratorios*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,503.

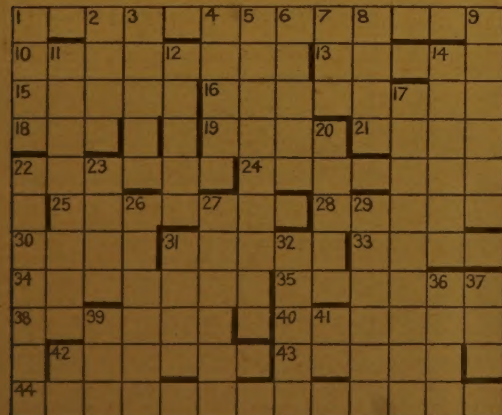
Today's Code.

By Leon

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 26. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

This puzzle is based on the following type of code. First, a code word is selected, then under this is written the alphabetical order of the letters of the code word. Next, whatever is to be encoded is written below the numbers and the down columns are read off in numerical order; this gives the encoded version.



Suppose the code word is WARDEN, and 10A. is to be encoded; the accompanying diagram shows how this would be done. Reading off the down columns in numerical order, this would give AEES HEAT LRTL YIAI JKTS RTEK KBUE. It should be noted that the grouping of the encoded sentences has no significance and is only for convenience. All Down clues are encoded, but those Across are normal. All lights are normal except 1A. and 44A. which are encoded.

Finally, the code word used is hidden in the diagram; solvers are asked to find it.

W	A	R	D	E	N
6	1	5	2	3	4
K	A	T	E	T	A
K	E	S	A	L	I
B	E	R	T	Y	J
U	S	T	L	I	K
E	H	E	R		

CLUES—ACROSS

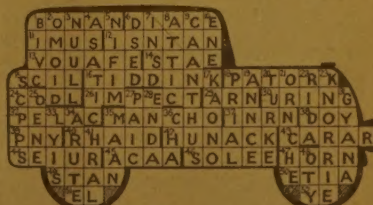
1. A constant irritation, but sounds like the occupational hazard of a careless glazier (13, four words)
10. Kate takes a liberty. Just like her! (8)
13. Love-poetry was her speciality (5)
15. Quarry-face appears to express the sentiments of a man-hater (5)
16. Instruments of Salopian origin (8)
18. German river where you can go for a drink (3)
19. Assembly where the head of Napoleon is preserved in a box (4)
21. The end of the rainbow from which you can see betel (4)
- 22R. Presentation of the Virgin in the temple (6)
24. The age of fashion? Rubbish (7)
25. Commented on our lack of proboscises (7)
28. Could make a medical man hesitate—especially if he's driving a car (5)
30. Dance, often encoered (4)
31. In one of them we shall find Tales from the Dales (5)
33. Yellow-hammer (4)
34. What connecting pieces triodes make! (7)
35. When she's sold out, only the archaic is left (6)
38. You would barely recognize a person in such a state (6)
40. Duck in quiet surroundings gets in a mess; like one of our poets (6)

42. Old enough to be courted? (6)
43. Cooks the books (5)
44. You might find his services of help in solving this puzzle (13)

DOWN

1. SGTN IANH DIIM EASR AH1 (4)
2. HNHE TAND IAKS ESSR RMII RBAS VTET ETI (4)
3. EAYE HTAE RIOV VRIN PGTR AMS (5)
4. SNRE IAOL CEAL PFER NMOT (5)
5. LMIDE SLESH IEOSQ OITEG UALMT TTBTI NRTEA ASI (9)
6. UISEE OREHH YINIE NEAOH NUFR TTSTD AMGEP NFGII NCTDG (5)
7. HIFRIS HETFSO TETSNU ITNIAY ELOIZ PLUFIN SARYUO QARANM TNEAII ISBOEC OGOUAO (3)
8. LTIOF NNRIE NEOMD SRIIE MPOSO NTENA ILS (4)
9. LOIHLN TYWIAV RSHSWA PNESEI DLMIKA TIYEEK IGCFAB (6)
11. DMNTH YVEECT TGNIX FPNYWI ROAHRH NAMNOO IUEDSL ESNTSL RAQSEI (8)
12. AESN WRIE HFIR WXGE YPDM SOSG OENE YSAT (3, 2)
14. TAGN ARIE RNWL ONYI FASC STTT ALAH ATAO TLINS (6)
17. WOEAIE TNEDE HORIS NLEAG GDVEBG SWEMIO IUTIDA NVDH (9)
20. VRWFES ATOLOO HPIOCR YNGHRE HEPAED TATRSO EENFOP EAEAT (5)
22. TGAICH ULWEGA OYHTRN KUNEAH OLGLUE LRTHEI OOUHCT OETDTT (7)
23. EOOO DCUF YAHU NDWN SSSL LCOI NINT (4)
26. VFROPIB LTIAYTA RAOEBAR (6)
27. TEITS ENEES ALIOS OADIN LRNL CEDTP JEVII HDNI (6)
29. REHEG PTNIN IKOF HTNGH TOGYI MVALO GNINT ETEWS (6)
31. LNCOI LAAER UEVIE THLNT FPAIS YAESV MISGC AALAY UDTRN (4)
32. GOEA IMRE TSMT RRTS MEUP PNEO AAAO ARSK (5)
36. HNNMT EIOES PTNVF EYETD CVTAO AROPT YATDP (4)
37. CESILA HYFCVR HELTET EIOOFT (3)
39. ODHA IINN WLYTG ? (3)
- 41-42D. HSRTEO ESECPUE RPFSESR XSUSI (4)
42. See 41D.

Solution of No. 1,501



1st prize: Miss R. L. Saw (Carshalton); 2nd prize: Mrs. A. J. Thomas (London, N.W.1); 3rd prize: Miss B. Joynt (Bexhill-on-Sea)

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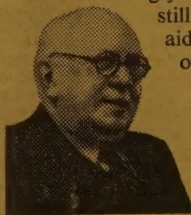
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